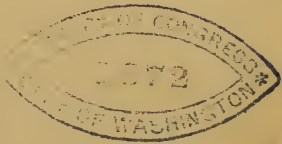


POEMS,

HUMOROUS AND SENTIMENTAL.

BY WILLIAM FINLAY.



PAISLEY:

MURRAY & STEWART, AND W^M. WOTHERSPOON.

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TO

MATTHEW BARR, ESQ.,
MERCHANT, PAISLEY,

FOR THE SOUNDNESS OF HIS PRINCIPLES;

HIS STRAIGHT-FORWARD AND UPRIGHT HONESTY OF PURPOSE,

FRANKNESS AND AFFABILITY OF MANNERS;

ABOVE ALL,

FOR THE WARMTH AND PURITY OF HIS HEART AND FEELINGS,

This Volume,

AS A SMALL TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE,

IS HUMBLY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.



P R E F A C E .

ALTHOUGH we have not the vanity to suppose that this Volume will be read much beyond the precincts of our native town, still we deem it necessary to say some little about its contents.

A great portion of the first part having appeared in the columns of the PAISLEY ADVERTISER, it has already passed the ordeal of public opinion, in so far as regards Paisley at least. To the Reader at a distance (if any such may favour us with a perusal), there are two pieces, namely, "Clippings and Parings" and the "Battle of the Barons," which must appear somewhat obscure, unless some explanatory light be thrown upon them: for which we refer him to Notes Nos. I. and II. at the end of the Work.

We acknowledge the many obligations we lie under to our Friends, and take this opportunity of returning them our sincere thanks for the exertions they have

made on our behalf. The recollection of their disinterested kindness will go far to soothe a heart which has of late years been tried almost beyond its power of endurance.

Some one has said, that if a man be really desirous to please, he very seldom fails in attaining his object : if this be the case, then we are sure of success ; for there has been no want of sincerity on our part in this respect. What we have written, we have written from deep feeling ; and if these rhymes are read in the same spirit in which they were composed, they cannot fail. Meanwhile, we say to the Reader—

When thou dost these sheets peruse,
Which the poor, unlettered Muse,
Midst unceasing care and toil,
Has presum'd for thee to soil—
Be not, we beseech thee, hard
On the poor—the nameless Bard ;
Peradventure thou may'st find
Something in them to thy mind.

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P O E M S.

THE INVITATION.

O! COME with me, for the Queen of night
Is throned on high in her beauty bright ;
'Tis now the silent hour of even,
When all is still in earth and heaven ;
The villagers are sunk in sleep,
The stars their silent vigils keep,
And hush'd is even the bee's soft hum—
O! come with me, sweet maiden, come.

The opening blue bell, Scotland's pride,
In heaven's pure azure deeply dyed ;
The daisy meek from the dewy dale,
The wild thyme and the primrose pale,

And the lily from the glassy lake—
Of these a fragrant wreath I'll make,
And twine it 'mid the locks that flow
In rich luxuriance from thy brow.

O Love! without thee what were life?—
A bustling scene of noise and strife,
A desert parch'd by a burning sun,
With no green spot to rest upon ;
But cheer'd by thee, the griefs we share
We can with calm composure bear ;
For the darkest night of care and toil
Is bright when blessed by *woman's smile*.

THE BREAKING HEART.

I MARK'D her look of agony,

I heard her broken sigh,

I saw the colour leave her cheek,

The lustre leave her eye ;

I saw the radiant ray of hope

Her sadden'd soul forsaking,

And, by these tokens, well I knew

The maiden's heart was breaking.

It is not from the hand of Heaven

Her bitter grief proceeds ;

'Tis not for sins which she hath done

Her bosom inly bleeds ;

'Tis not death's terrors wrap her soul

In shades of dark despair ;

But *man*—deceitful man—whose hand

A thorn hath planted there.

THE AULD EMIGRANT'S FAREWHEEL
TO SCOTLAND.

LAND of my fathers ! night's dark gloom

Now shades thee from my view—

Land of my birth ! my hearth, my home,

A long, a last adieu.

Thy sparkling streams, thy plantin's green,

That ring with melodie,

Thy flowery vales, thy hills and dales,

Again I'll never see.

How aft have I thy heathy hills

Climbed in life's early day !

Or pierced the dark depths of thy woods,

To pu' the nit or slae ;

Or lain beneath the spreading thorn,

Hid frae the sun's bright beams,

While on my raptur'd ear was borne

The music of thy streams.

And aft, when frae the schule set free,
I've join'd a merry ban',
Wha's hearts were loupin' licht wi' glee,
Fresh as the morning's dawn ;
And waunert, " Cruikston," by thy tower,
Or through thy leafy shaw,
The live-lang day, nor thocht o' hame,
Till nicht began to fa'.

But now the buoyancy o' youth,
And a' its joys are gane—
My children scattered far and wide,
And I am left alane ;
For she who was my hope and stay,
And sooth'd me when distress'd,
Within the narrow house of death
Has lang been laid at rest.

And puirtith's cloud doth me enshroud ;
Sae after a' my toil,
I'm gaun to lay my puir auld clay
Within a foreign soil.

Fareweel, fareweel ! auld Scotia dear !

A last fareweel to thee !

Thy tinkling rills, thy heath-clad hills,

Again I'll never see !

HYMN TO NATURE.

'Tis sweet on the white sea beach to stray,

Far from the bustle and noise of day—

When on the bosom of the deep

The soft and silvery moonbeams sleep—

To hear, as it on doth rippling ride,

The murmuring sound of the ocean tide,

Or from the brink of the giddy steep,

The mountain cataract brawling leap.

'Tis sweet to sit on the green hill-side,

With the heather's purple blossom dyed,

And mark the course of the winding stream,

As it sparkles bright in the morning beam—

To range the glens and green vales through,
And from the heath-flowers brush the dew—
Or in the woodland's darkest glade
The sultry hours of noon to shade.

O Nature! still to me thou'rt dear,
Whatever form thy features wear—
Whether rude winds the bleak hills sweep,
Or in their caverns calmly sleep—
Young Spring's sweet smile, bright Summer's bloom,
Autumn's ripe fruit, and Winter's gloom—
Revolving still, they still the same
Wisdom, and power, and love proclaim.

FEMALE RESOLUTION ; OR, MAN THE
WEAKER VESSEL.

AND must we speak the sad, sad word,

The solemn word—Farewell?

The very sound upon my heart

Falls like a funeral knell—

The life-blood streaming through my veins

It doth with horror chill ;

I cannot speak it, Jeanie—no,

Think of me what you will.

Speak not of stern propriety—

It is a term absurd—

'Tis a libel on Love's lexicon,

A cold, a formal word.

Oh ! breathe it not ; with an iron chain

The laughing god it binds ;

Then, tear it, Jeanie, from Love's page,

And scatter it on the winds.

With accents mild the maid replied—

“ Thus madly love doth rave,

But we must not list to his witching tale,

If we mean our peace to save ;

Oh ! no—through life’s vast wilderness

In anguish I would pine,

If e’er dishonour stain’d thy name,

By word or deed of mine.”



LINES ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

I CANNOT look upon thy face,

For it is sadly changed,

Since hand in hand so merrily

We through the woodlands ranged,

Or sat us down so lovingly

Upon the flowery sward,

I cannot look upon thy face—

Death hath its beauty marr’d.

But I will sadly sit me down
In silence by thy side ;
My grief is deep—I cannot weep—
My tears' fount now is dried.
Thou'rt gone, sweet sister of my heart !
And I am left alone
To struggle with the world's griefs,
Unpitied and unknown.

Where will I find a bosom now,
On which I may repose,
With calm undoubting confidence,
The burden of my woes ?
I knew thou couldst not help me,
When I told thee I was griev'd,
But we mingled tears together,
And my bosom was reliev'd.

Oh! were I in thy shroud with thee—
Why, why should death divide
Those hearts which *friendship, love, and grief,*
So closely have allied ?

Within the "dark and narrow house"

We, side by side, would sleep,

At life, and its frivolities,

No more to laugh or weep.

The years have fleeting been, and few,

Which thou on earth hast seen,

But into that brief space a host

Of griefs have crowded been—

The tie which bound thee to the earth

Snapt suddenly apart ;

Heavy, indeed, the stroke hath been,

For it has broke thy heart.

THE YOUNG BRIDE'S SOLILOQUY.

I HAVE parted the curls, my sister dear !

Which cluster round thy brow ;

I have kiss'd thy lips, and thy downy cheek,

Where health doth brightly glow ;

And I know not how, but I look on thy face

With a fonder gaze to-night,

Than when I beheld thy infant eye

First opening on the light.

This night, the same soft pillow I'll press,

With thee, my sister dear ;

“ But where to-morrow ? ” alas ! my heart,

Why tremblest thou for fear ?

Is it that then thou wilt leave thy home,

Another's love to try

Than his *to whom thou hast ever been*

“ *As the apple of his eye ?* ”

A parent's love I have felt and prov'd,
And never have found it fail ;
But a *husband's* love is yet untry'd,
And may pass like a summer's gale ;
Alas ! alas ! from his own quiet home
My fickle one soon may flee,
And mid gayer scenes those pleasures may seek
Which once he found in me.

I have wander'd o'er each familiar spot,
I've travers'd our garden gay,
I've sat under the tree which I planted there,
In life's young gladsome day ;
I have watch'd the flowers as they drank the dew
Beneath the Moon's pale beam,
And I thought, as I look'd, my fate might be
To please for a time like them.

O ! let me kiss thee once again—
And again—my sister dear ;
I have twined thee a wreath for my bridal day,
Which thou with pride wilt wear :

This night I will lay me by thy side,
This night I'll sleep with thee ;
I long for the dawn—and yet—and yet—
I fear that dawn to see.

O ! JEANIE, THY NAME.

O ! JEANIE, thy name's enchanting sound
Makes my sad heart with rapture bound,
Like a cag'd bird, within my breast
It throbs, and flutters, and cannot rest ;
Fain would it burst its bars, and fly,
And on thy bosom panting lie.

The tendrils sweet of thy lovely vine
I thought were twining in beauty with mine,
And were there to flourish in endless bloom—
But a withering blast from the heath hath come,
And a slimy worm through the soil hath crept,
Close, close, to the root, and their growth is nipt.

Oh ! the Sun will be black, and the lovely Moon
 Will hide her sweet face when thou art gone ;
 For thou hast entwined thee round my heart,
 The very first wish of my soul thou art—
 My home—my heaven—my life—my light—
 My thought by day, and my dream by night.

LINES ON THE RECENT EVENTS IN THE
 ROYAL FAMILY.

To that grim King, whose high behests
 By all must be obey'd,
 Another of the Royal House
 Of Brunswick bows his head.
 The glittering coronet no more
 Is seen upon his brow ;
 The pomp and glory of the world
 Avail him nothing now.

But hark ! amid the funeral wail

A feeble voice we hear,

Which on the cheek grief had made pale

Arrests the trickling tear,

And in the dark shade of the tomb

A flower is seen to spring ;

May Heaven, through sunshine and through gloom,

The blossom safely bring.

O Life ! thou art a chequer'd scene—

Pleasure to-day, to-morrow *pain* ;

One to the dust this hour descends,

Mourn'd by a host of weeping friends ;

The next, like morning fair and bright,

Another springs to life and light :

Then let us raise our hearts on high,

To yonder world of perfect joy,

Where pleasure is from pain secure,

And permanent as it is pure.

STANZAS.

O'ER mountain and valley
Morn gladly did gleam ;
The streamlets danced gaily
Beneath its bright beam ;
The daisies were springing
To life at my feet ;
The woodlands were ringing
With melody sweet.

But the sky became lowering,
And clouds big with rain,
Their treasures outpouring,
Soon deluged the plain ;
The late merry woodlands
Grew silent and lone,
And red from the moorlands
The river rush'd down.

Thus Life, too, is chequer'd
With sunshine and gloom ;
Of change 'tis the record—
Now blight and now bloom.
Oft morn rises brightly,
With promise to last,
But long, long ere noontide
The sky is o'ercast.

Yet, much of the trouble
'Neath which mortals groan,
They contrive to make double
By whims of their own.
Oh ! it makes the heart tingle
With anguish to think
That our *own hands* oft mingle
The bitters we drink.

THE LAST REQUEST.

I stood beside her death-bed :

I had hoped returning Spring
Would to her weakly wasted form

Returning vigour bring ;

But smiling Spring had come and gone,

Bright Summer's bloom had fled,
And all my fondly cherish'd hopes
Were wither'd now and dead.

The last rays of the setting sun

Soft through the casement stream'd ;—

Her eyes were clos'd—those eyes which once

With life and lustre beam'd ;

When languidly, and with a sigh,

The weary lids were rais'd,

And on me, as I weeping stood,

Long ardently she gazed.

“Mother,” at length she faintly said,

“This struggle soon will cease ;

A few brief moments more, and then

My heart will rest in peace.

My strength I feel is failing fast,

And yet I fain would try

To raise myself ; for in your arms

It is my wish to die.”

I kiss'd her pale and parched lips,

I gently rais'd her head,

Which, with a calm contented smile,

Upon my breast she laid.

“Now let my spirit pass, in peace ;

Now——now——” she could no more ;

A long, a deep convulsive sob—

I look'd—and all was o'er.

THE RETURN.

He came upon us like a beam
Of pure unbroken light,
To scatter, as we fondly hop'd,
The gloomy shades of night ;
Long, long we had expected him,
And he at last had come,
After many years of absence,
To his dear, though humble home.

He rush'd into his mother's arms,
He kiss'd her wither'd cheek,
He in her face look'd wistfully,
But not a word could speak ;
And as he look'd, her love, her care,
Did o'er his memory glide,
For well he knew that he had been
From infancy her pride.

And then together down they sat—
He felt he was at *home*,
No more through India's burning climes
A wanderer to roam—
He told her of his future plans,
And bade her dry her tears,
For he would henceforth be the prop
Of her declining years.

Alas! for human foresight,
Fell disease its work had done,
His sallow cheek and hollow eye
Proclaim'd his race was run,
And day by day his spirits droop'd,
No skill his life could save—
In three months after his return
We laid him in his grave.

His mother soon will follow him,
Her grief is still and deep,
A sigh bursts from her breaking heart,
But, ah! she cannot weep;—

Each weary day she listless sits

 Within her easy chair,

And now and then on all around

 Bestows a vacant stare.

With earth, and all its vanities

 And troubles, she hath done—

She seems to take no interest

 In aught beneath the sun ;

In other worlds her treasure lies,

 Secur'd by Heaven's broad seal,

Where neither moth nor rust corrupt,

 Nor thieves break through to steal.

THE AULD MAN'S LAMENT.

WRITTEN DURING THE EXTREME DEPRESSION
OF TRADE, 1842.

WHEN, Oh when, will my sad heart break ?
Have not I seen of my home the wreck ?
The fairy dreams of my youth are gone,
Hope's blossoms have withered, one by one,
My pathway lies through a gloom profound,
I have viewed the horizon round and round,
And I cannot discover one opening speck,
When, Oh when, will my sad heart break ?

I have seen the tear start in my poor wife's eye—
I have heard her deep—her desponding sigh,
As the morsel from her own mouth she gave,
Her famishing children's lives to save :
I have seen with horror the infant mind
To ignorance brutish and dark consign'd,
And the ray of hope which the young cheek flush'd,
For ever darken'd, quench'd, and crush'd :

I have seen the spot where I first drew breath,
Sunk in the valley and shadow of death :
I have seen the hearts of my brethren fail,
Their eyes grow dim, and their cheeks grow pale,
And the spirits so brave of my fatherland
Crush'd by pale Poverty's pinching hand—
O God, I have witnessed all this wreck,
When, Oh when, will this sad heart break?

THE AUTUMNAL EVE.

It was a sweet autumnal eve,
The fields were white with ripen'd grain ;
At times, amid the golden sheaves,
Was heard the reapers' joyous strain.
The sun was sinking to repose,
And bath'd in light the landscape lay,
While from each copse and woodland rose
A hymn to the declining day ;

When, suddenly, a sable cloud,
Slow, sailing, settled over-head,
And on the earth, which brightly glow'd,
In sparkling drops its treasures shed ;
And now the gorgeous sun shot forth,
Bright through the cloud, the rays of even ;
The rainbow, arching o'er the earth,
Appeared "in colours dipt in heaven."

All Nature smiled—the pearly rain
On every leaf was glittering seen ;
The woodlands rung a louder strain,
The valleys wore a deeper green.
O ! who that witnessed such a scene,
So calm, so sweet, so full of grace,
Could think that want, or woe, or pain,
On this fair earth should find a place.

SELF-INSPECTION.

THE whispering breeze, with balmy breath,
Steals on the silent ear of night ;
On streamlet blue, and flowery heath,
The pale Moon sheds her silver light ;
Now, then, my soul, thy cares forego,
From this vain world a while withdraw,
And thy condition strive to know,
Tried by thy Maker's righteous law.

Take for thy guide his Holy Word,
And what commandment dost thou find ?
The first is, " Thou shalt love the Lord
With all thy strength, and heart, and mind ;"
The second urges love to man—
In these are all the rest compris'd—
Yet, which of these, since life began,
Have I not broken or despis'd ?

I've sinn'd against the clearest light—
I've stifled Reason's faithful voice—
I've done the Spirit of grace despite,
And made this empty world my choice ;
In Folly's thoughtless, giddy course,
I, with the multitude, have run ;
And though the pangs of keen remorse
Did sometimes sting—I still went on.

Alas ! how oft, with tearful eye,
Have I my sins and follies mourn'd !
How oft remembered with a sigh
The overtures of mercy scorn'd !
But, when I mingled with the crowd,
Away these tender feelings flew,
Like to the morning's fleecy cloud,
Or glittering drops of early dew.

O Thou ! whose powerful, quickening word,
Didst order from confusion bring,
When Heaven's glad sons thy works ador'd,
And morning stars for joy did sing :

O! aid me by thy mighty power,
My headstrong, stubborn will to bend,
And, in temptation's trying hour,
My weakness pity and defend.

STANZAS WRITTEN ABOUT THE END OF
OCTOBER.

THE sear leaves mingle with the chilling gale,
And thick the weary trav'ller's path bestrew,
While Nature, sitting in her weeds, doth wail
The vernal year's sad lingering last adieu ;
Tears glisten on her cheek of paly hue,
Like to the ruin'd maid, whose hopes so dear
At length have vanish'd like the morning dew,
And left her wither'd heart and form so fair
A prey to fell disease, or joyless dark despair.

I love the season, for it soothes my soul

To hear the low lone moanings of the blast,

To me there's music in the wild wind's howl,

Its wailings tell me that the summer's past,

The fields aside their robes of green have cast,

The trees are bare, the flowers their bloom have
shed,

The verdant heath become a blacken'd waste,

The merry woodlands desolate and dead,

And the pure mountain stream a torrent roaring
red.

The lark, slow rising from his dewy lair,

No more at early morn his matins sings,

No more the blackbird's pipe, deep-ton'd and clear,

Through the lone wood, at hazy twilight rings.

See! from his slumbers hoary Winter springs

With giant strength, in clouds and vapours clad,

O'er the vex'd earth he desolation flings,

At his approach the tall oak bends its head,

And at the Conqueror's feet doth all its honours
shed.

But though on high the lark hath ceas'd to soar,
When from the blushing east peeps morning grey,
And though the blackbird's mellow pipe no more
Rings through the list'ning grove at close of day—
Though shorn the lustre of the solar ray,
And bleak the blast which blows o'er hill and plain,
Soon will sweet Spring repaint with flowerets gay
The laughing valleys, and the woods again
Resound from morn till night with love's enliv'ning
strain.

Ah ! 'tis not so with Life's "enchanting morn :"
Its fairy visions vanish one by one,
The lights are dimm'd which did its sky adorn,
Soon to the dust its air-built towers are thrown,
The stern realities of life come on,
And though frail man may be from want secure,
Nay, though his path may be with roses strewn,
His cup with choicest nectar running o'er,
Such a pure draught of bliss he never tasteth
more.

O Life ! how lovely is thy early morn,
Thy op'ning dawn how peaceful and serene,
On ev'ry breeze the notes of joy are borne,
That breathes in sweetness o'er the balmy scene.
O'er the horizon wide no speck is seen,
And rosy Pleasure fills her cup of bliss
Up to the brim. Ah ! little do we ween
The sparkling cup our glowing lips then press,
For one small drop of bliss holds ten of bitter-
ness.

Yet 'tis a pleasing dream, a world of sweets,
In sooth, it seems to the yet guileless mind ;
We know not love has pains, and weak deceits,
That friendship oft proves fickle as the wind ;
We know not man is cruel to his kind,
His words dissembling and his heart impure ;
Or that the eye, which to your faults was blind
When Fortune smil'd, will keenly scan them o'er,
Will shun the air ye breathe, the path ye tread when
poor.

Ye blissful hours of joy and peace gone by,
Ye days of infancy and childhood sweet!
Long since ye've mingled with eternity,
Still o'er ye Mem'ry broods with fond regret.
Then did the heart with gen'rous feeling beat,
And, unsuspecting, glow with love unfeign'd,
For the pure soul by avarice as yet,
And baneful withering envy was unstain'd,
As in primeval times, ere sordid Mammon reign'd.

Enchanting season! why so pure thy joy,
Why do thy rosy hours so swiftly roll,
Or rather, in this world's vile traffic, why
Doth man lose all thy purity of soul?
Exchange thy sweet simplicity, for cool,
Close calculating caution and distrust,
Or yield ignobly to the base control
Of sordid passions, envy, pride, and lust,
Thy peace, thy spotless innocence, for ever, ever lost.

A NOVEMBER MORNING.

THE lazy mist hangs heavily
Its shroud o'er bank and brae ;
A sickly, yellow ring girds roun'
The cheerless orb of day.
A dark and drizzling dampness creeps
Across the stubble lan',
And the last leaf o' rosy Spring
Frae aff the tree has fa'n.

Nae mair amang the leafy woods
Is heard, at silent noon,
The chirrup o' the grasshopper—
The bee's saft drowsy croon.
The flowers o' Spring, on hill and dale,
Hae hid their lovely forms,
And Winter wraps him in his cloak
“ Of vapours, clouds, and storms.”

Nae basking now in sunny bowers,
Nae sporting now a-fiel' ;
Our greatest joy 's a clean hearth-stane—
A warm and cozie biel'.
So, when life's day draws near a close,
And a' *without* looks drear,
The greatest pleasure we enjoy
Springs from a conscience clear.

THE DYING MOTHER'S REQUEST TO HER
DAUGHTER.

THE butterfly soon will be on the wing,
Roving amid the blossoms of Spring :
Through Nature's frame fresh fire will burn,
But to mine, alas ! it will ne'er return.
Ah no ! I feel my wasted form
Soon, soon before the approaching storm,
Like a sapless rush, must feebly bend,
And at last to the silent grave descend.

O! wilt thou come when all is past,
When grief hath finish'd her work at last,
And I am laid in the silent tomb,
O! say, my loved one, wilt thou come—
When the pale Moon “fills her horn” on high,
And the stars are burning brilliantly,
One filial tear o'er the turf to shed,
Which wraps thy mother's lowly bed?

For thee I've toil'd, and watch'd, and pray'd,
And well thou hast my care repaid,
But now the pleasing task is o'er,
Thou soon wilt see my face no more.
Then, wilt thou shed on my dust a tear?
'Twill soothe my spirit ling'ring near
To think I live in thy memory still,
And time hath failed thy love to chill.

ADDRESS TO AN ILLEGITIMATE CHILD.

WHAT hast thou come to, helpless thing !

This surely 's no thy hame,
For few seem willingly with thee
Affinity to claim ;
No cheery smile doth welcome thee,
Thy friends look cold and shy,
And gladly would they close their ears
Against thy wailing cry.

Ay, they did hate thee ere thou wert
To this cold clime brought forth ;
Thy feeble voice, they trusted, would
Be stifled in the birth.

Thou hast deceived them, and hast sprung,
Sweet flower ! to life and light,
Though still they hope some blast will soon
Thy tender blossom blight.

Thy father hath deserted thee,
Thy grandsire thinks thy birth
Hath, in the eve of life, brought down
Dishonour on his hearth ;
Thy maiden aunts look down on thee
With cold and scowling eye,
And with their bitter jeers increase
Thy mother's agony.

No bard of note, to celebrate
Thy birth, hath sweetly sung ;
For thee, poor child ! no feast is spread,
No bells for thee are rung ;
No prince from foreign lands hath come
Thy baptism to grace,
Nor water been from Jordan brought
To sprinkle on thy face.

Thrown on a cold, harsh-judging world,
There is no hand save one
To shield thee from the bitter blast,
Or shade thee from the sun ;

Yet, certes, though deserted thus
By erring, weak mankind,
“To the poor lamb that’s closely shorn
God temper will the wind.”

DEATH THE GREAT TEACHER.

АH! who is he who hath not dream’d
In youth, when Hope’s young pulse beat high,
Of fields where sunshine ever beam’d,
Of streams whose channels ne’er run dry?
Who hath not castles built in air,
Of future greatness and renown,
Nor fear’d that all these buildings fair
Would soon about his ears come down?

Yet, ’tis not only *youthful* dreams
The overthrow of which we wail,
For even the best concerted schemes
In spite of every effort fail.

With all the zeal, and care, and skill,
And light of reason man can boast,
How is it that we find him still,
On many points, in darkness lost ?

Ye schoolmen, say, can ye explain
How thus in darkness mortals go,
Why they thus vex themselves in vain,
Why a whole country's weal or wo,
Whether its subjects live in peace,
Or mid the fire of faction burn—
Say, can ye tell us why all these
Oft on the merest trifles turn ?

Will no kind hand the book unseal,
And chase these wild'ring mists away ?
Yes ; Death will hidden things reveal,
And from its prison-house of clay
The spirit freed, with vision clear,
And powers enlarged, will wond'ring prove
That what to us seem riddles here,
Are plans of wisdom, power, and love.

A MOTHER'S SOLILOQUY OVER HER
INFANT SON NEWLY DECEASED.

THOU'RT gone, my little innocent !

I mark'd thy latest sigh,—

Where is thy gentle spirit *now*?—

It surely hovers nigh.

For little can I see of death

About thy lovely form ;

Thine eyes seem still to gaze on me,

Thy bosom still is warm.

A sweet smile plays around thy lip,

Which still retains its red,

Thy hair is glossy as in life,

And yet, my child ! thou'rt dead ;

For oh ! thine eyes are lustreless,

And pale, pale, is thy brow,—

Thou see'st not, thou hear'st not,

Thy tender mother now.

I bore thee with a mother's pains,
Yet, with a mother's joy,—
When first I saw thy smiling face
I kiss'd my darling boy ;
And when upon my beating breast
I felt thy breath's warm glow,
I thought my lot a happy one ;—
But I'm bereaved now.

The bud was young, but promised fair,
For well I could descry
The gradual op'ning of thy mind,
The quick glance of thine eye.
I trusted too to see thy brow
With classic laurels bound,
With joy which in a mother's heart,
And there alone, is found.

But Faith and Hope their light will lend,
Though clouds around me lower,
And with the thought console me,
In this dark and trying hour,

That though, my child, thy body lies
Beneath the cold green sod,
Thy spirit has ascended
To its "Father and its God."

THE CONSCIENCE-STRICKEN.

WILD thoughts pass through his burning brain,
No tear bedims his eye,
The fountain of his tears, alas!
Hath long, long since been dry;
And fell remorse, with iron hand,
His soul in pieces tears,
While Memory paints, in colours strong,
The days of other years.

His bed is not a place of rest,
For "he hath murder'd sleep—"
Strange voices ring within his ears
Amid the silence deep;

A change of posture or of place

He fruitless finds to be,

For in his breast there is a hell

From whence he cannot flee.

The lark may rise, at early morn,

With gladness from his nest,

Shaking the pearly dew-drops

From his brightly speckled breast ;

And rosy Spring, with open hand,

On hill and dale may strew

The purple heather's bonnie bloom,

And flowers of every hue ;

But, ah ! thick mists obscure to him

The glory of the sun,

And sweetly though the lark may sing,

His pipe hath lost its tone—

For Nature's fairest smile to him

Can little joy impart,

Who wears a poison'd arrow

Ever rankling at his heart.

When evening comes, he weary cries,

“ Oh ! when will it be morn ! ”

When morning dawns, “ oh ! would to God

Night’s shadows would return ! ”

Alike to him the smile of Spring,

Or Winter’s dreary gloom—

He longs for, yet he trembles at,

The silence of the tomb.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

Now Winter, with his blust’ring train,

To his ice-bound halls hath return’d again ;

December’s dreary gloom has fled,

And Spring has come with the lightsome tread,

And the aspect mild of rosy youth,

To unlock the gates of the balmy south.

She hath come, her bright locks dropping dew,

Our fields with fairest flowers to strew ;

To deck our vales with the yellow broom,
Our hills with the heather's purple bloom ;
And fresh and pure is her balmy breath,
As it floats o'er the fragrant, flowery heath.

Oh ! how I love the glades to range,
And mark the soul-inspiring change !
But late the north winds chill'd the air,
The tenantless woods were bleak and bare ;
The vales sent forth no cheerful strains,
The brooks were bound in icy chains,
And the cottagers crowded round the hearth,
To tell their tales of rustic mirth ;
Having barr'd the doors of their humble cot
On the boist'rous winds that brawl'd without.

But now the brilliant god of day
From his throne sends forth a brighter ray—
The streams are free that in fetters were bound,
And plaintively sweet is their ripp'ling sound,
As in sparkling silver sheen they thread
The mazes of the verdant mead ;

While on their banks, as they murmur by,
The primrose peeps forth modestly—
Wild flowers their sweetest fragrance shed,
And the water-lily rears its head—
There, too, the weeping willows grow,
And their shadows o'er them softly throw.

Once more the new-blown downy buds
Adorn the hedge-rows and the woods,
From whose deep recesses the cuckoo's note
On the evening breeze is heard to float:
And when in the east pale Morn appears,
Like a beautiful love-sick maiden in tears,
The joyous lark from the green turf springing,
Gaily his hymn to the morning singing,
The ploughboy cheers as he turns the soil,
And, listening, half forgets his toil;
The sower throws o'er the furrow'd field
The grain which yet will abundance yield,
And the birds begin to build their nests,
While love beats high in their little breasts;
All, all, is life, and love, and glee,
And glory gleams over mountain and lea.

WHY THE HOPE OF HAPPINESS HATH
BEEN CONFERRED ON MAN.

O HAPPINESS ! thy home to find,

Say whither will I go.

Will I the heath-clad hill ascend,

Or seek the vale below ?

Is the recess of learning sage

E'er by thy presence blest—

Warm'st thou the heart of hoary age,

Fill'st thou the youthful breast ?

Say, dost thou grace the courts of kings ?

Dost thou on princes wait ?

Art thou in camps 'mong heroes found ?

Art thou in church or state ?

Seek'st thou the sordid miser's cell,

Who bows at Mammon's shrine—

Or 'midst the spendthrift's revels

Dost thou show thy face divine ?

Yon princely hall, whose towers ascend
Above th' embowering wood—
Where menials on their lord attend,
And tremble at his nod—
Whose table groans each coming day
'Neath loads of sumptuous fare—
O Happiness ! bright angel say,
Art thou an inmate there ?

The peaceful cottage, shelter'd
By yon gently rising hill,
Adown whose green and sloping side
Tinkles the crystal rill,
Where innocence and health attend
Throughout the circling year—
If thou on earth art to be found,
I'll surely find thee here.

Ah no ! we seek, but find thee not,
Within creation's bound ;
Earth is for thee too rough a spot,
Thy home's on holier ground ;

'TIS BY THE THRONE OF GOD—

Then why hath hope of thee been given?—
To show frail man his destiny,
And raise his heart to heaven.

TO A SLEEPING INFANT.

SWEET floweret ! sweetly dost thou sleep,
Peace shades thee with her downy wings,
Thy tender mother watch doth keep,
And o'er thy cradle fondly hings :
Sleep on, sweet babe ! thou dost not know
Thine own hard fate—thy mother's woe.

And while thou dost unconscious rest
Within thy little bower of bliss,
Like moonlight on the lake's smooth breast,
So calm, so pure and motionless,
With bitter anguish, night and morn,
Thy hapless mother's heart is torn.

She looks upon thy smiling face,
And on it she doth fondly lean
For solace in her miseries,
For cruel hath thy father been ;
He revels mid the great and gay,
And leaves her to remorse a prey.

Thou liv'st in a lightsome, fairy land,
Midst bowers of innocence and peace,
Thy visions all are soft and bland,
Pity it were such dreams should cease ;
Then " sleep the sleep which knows no waking,"
For, oh ! thy mother's heart is breaking.

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF A BROTHER,

WHO DIED IN MALTA, 4TH SEPT., 1833.

THE sun in the west was sinking red,
And nothing was heard but the sentinel's tread ;
When the soldier lifted his death-glaz'd eye,
To look for a brother, but none was nigh.

No mother with tenderness o'er him hung,
To cool or to moisten his parched tongue ;
His pillow was sooth'd by no sister's hand,
And his brethren liv'd in a distant land.

He thought on that land, the land of his birth,
And the innocent joys of his father's hearth,
And the smiling faces he there had seen,
When the bud was in promise, the leaf was green.

He thought of a mother's endearing care,
When she learned him to lisp his evening prayer,
He thought of the days and years gone by,
When his heart danced light, and his pulse beat high.

Then he thought of the state in which he lay,
And the cold attention which strangers pay,
And the contrast, a deadlier paleness spread,
O'er his quivering lip, as his spirit fled.

THE WIDOWED HUSBAND'S SOLILOQUY.

THOU'RT gone, my helpmate, thou art gone,
"To that dark joyless bourne
From whence no traveller returns,"
And left me here to mourn ;
Thine eyes are dim, the damp of death
Hath settled on thy brow,
His hand thy lips hath sealed, and I
Am solitary now.

Alas ! how changed, how sadly changed,

In face and form art thou !

From what thou wert in days gone by,

When grace sat on thy brow ;

When thy young heart beat high with hope,

And when thy step was free,

As is the summer breeze that floats

Across the flowery lea.

When I look back upon the path

We have together trod,

And call to mind how oft thy hand

Hath eased me of my load,

And pointed, when my spirits droop'd,

To the first opening speck

That in the o'erhanging cloud appeared,—

My heart is like to break.

Through all the troubles of my life—

And many they have been—

Though all the world held coldly back,

Thou by my side wert seen ;

Thou lov'dst me with unswerving faith,
Through good report and bad ;
Thou laugh'd with me when merry,
And thou wept with me when sad.

In sickness, thou my pillow smooth'd,
And by my bedside watch'd,
Thy ever careful, kindly eye,
My slightest motion catch'd ;
And when my heart began to fail,
And even hope seem'd dead,
Amidst the whelming wave thy hand
Upheld my sinking head.

But now my hearth is desolate,
Its sweetest charm is gone ;
Though friends and children meet me there,
I feel as 'twere *alone* ;
Attentive to my various wants,
Kind though they all may be,
(And that in every point they are,)
Still, still they are not thee.

S O N N E T.

YE towering cliffs ! ye everlasting hills !

Ye still retain the freshness of your youth ;
Your blushing wild-flowers, and your crystal rills,
Now bloom as sweetly, and flow on as smooth,
As when, with sprightly glee, your heights I trod,
And my young heart with swelling rapture glow'd.

Your aspects change not in the course of time,
The feebleness of age comes not on you ;
Mid clouds and darkness still ye tower sublime,
In smiling sunshine still ye brightly glow.
Full many a winter with its breezes chill
Hath swept your summits o'er ;—ye're lovely still !

Empires have risen, flourish'd, and decay'd—

Ye've seen their birth, ye've seen their burial too ;
Perhaps ye stood thus when the ark was made,

The “flood's” proud billows may have roll'd o'er
you ;

Or ye may have been since the word of might
Came from the Eternal forth—“Let there be light !”

Man, like a flower, comes forth, and, not unknown,

May bloom a brief space in the field of fame ;
The winds pass over it, and it is gone ;

But ye remain unshrinking, still the same,
And with your silent eloquence express

Man's poor frail span of life—his utter nothingness !

S O N N E T .

'Tis sweet to see the first blythe blink
Of Morning's early dawn,
To see the first fresh flowers of Spring
Peep frae the verdant lawn ;
'Tis sweet to see the baby smile
Upon its mother's knee,
And for the first time on the licht
Lifting its wondering e'e.

'Tis sweet to stray through meadows green
Arrayed in summer's bloom,
And of the fragrant, scented bean
Inhale the rich perfume ;
Or 'neath the blooming hawthorn tree,
Of love and bliss to dream,
While by your side melodiously
Tinkles the crystal stream.

'Tis sweet to hear the reaper's sang
As to his humble biel,
He gangs at nicht to meet the smiles
Of them he likes sae weel,
While o'er him bright the harvest Moon
Rides in her silver car,
And close upon its burnish'd wheels
Twinkles the Evening Star.

And in a world where sights like these
Are seen where'er we turn,
Will we exclaim despondingly,
That "Man was made to mourn?"
No,—were the powers which men possess
To truth and justice given,
Then half the gloom which darkens life
Would from the earth be driven.

WOMAN, HER INFLUENCE ON MAN.

O, WHAT would this world be
Were it not woman?—
A wild howling desert,
A bleak barren common ;
“ The Lords o’ Creation,”
Wi’ a’ their fine flourish,
’Neath the level would sink
O’ the puir beasts that perish.

That man’s physical wants
May be duly supplied,
It is almost essential
She be by his side ;
Her hands smooth the pillow
Where resteth his head,
She brings him his water,
She bakes him his bread.

She maketh and mendeth
His shirts and his hose,
She spreads out the couch
For his nightly repose ;
She keeps like a palace
His but and his ben,
And bright, clean, and cozie,
She makes his fire-en'.

When Winter's white mantle
The earth hath o'erspread,
The woods are a' silent,
A' nature seems dead ;
But with Spring soon returneth
The lark's joyous strain,
And love, life, and beauty,
Revisit the plain.

So woman to man is,
What Spring's to the earth—
She gives him fresh beauty,
She gives him new birth ;

His heart's best affections
She calls into play,
And the rank weed she roots up,
There fest'ring that lay.

By the power of her magic
The savage she tames,
From his errors the drunkard
She gently reclaims ;
The man of rude manners
She smooths and refines,
And the heart prone to evil,
To good she inclines.

Her smile, like the sun,
Changes night into day,
The dark shades of sorrow
It chases away.

O ! woman, dear woman,
Thou light o' my e'e,
What—what would this world be,
Were it not thee ?

O! SING THAT STRAIN AGAIN.

O! SING that strain again, my child,

It soothes the heart that's tried

With bitter grief, as mine has been

Since thy dear mother died.

The light is quench'd which o'er the earth

A radiant glory threw ;

The fields are parch'd, the flowers have lost

Their fragrance and their hue.

The dawn of Morn, the lark's blythe song,

The misty mountain grey—

The pure stream brattling down its side,

The fields with flowerets gay—

The varied sweets of hill and dale,

The wide, the homeless sea,

The rocky shore, the azure sky,

Are all a blank to me.

The moon may walk in brightness forth,
The stars may sparkle clear ;
But dimm'd is now their lustre,
For no kindred spirit's near,
To gaze with me in rapture
On the face of night's fair Queen,
Or to brighten with her converse sweet
The beauty of the scene.

My child ! my child ! come, let me look
Upon thy features fair,
It soothes my sorrowing soul to trace
Thy mother's image there.
Come, let me press thee to my heart,
For still, when thou art by,
I think the gentle spirit
Of thy Mother hovers nigh.

SONNET.

THE bustle and beauty of Autumn have pass'd,
And bitter and bleak is the surly blast,
The last sear leaf has fallen from the tree,
And the flowers have faded on mountain and lea.
But a bright blue speck in the sky is seen,
Where sparkles the star of my lovely Queen,
It cheers my heart where it beams on high
As land doth the storm-toss'd mariner's eye,
And the lovely light
I will hail as a goodly token bright
Of love, and peace, and joy.

THE MANIAC.

O! who is he with the cheek so pale,
And the dim and downcast eye,
Whom we saw overleap the Abbey wall
As Morn broke in the sky?
'Tis a poor craz'd wretch, who his love hath lost,
He has been in the clusters drear,
Where mouldering lies the faithful heart
Of her he still loves so dear.

He now is leaving her humble grave,
For it soothes his sad despair,
Each night till the crowing of the cock
To hold his vigils there.
But when pale Morning's shadowy light
Begins on her grave to shine,
It mocks his woe, and he hurries away,
In some lonely dell to pine.

At return of night—he will visit the spot
Where his lov'd one low doth lie,
And with her spirit hold converse sweet,
As he did in days gone by.
On the flowery sod he pillows his head,
And it lulls for a time to rest
The convulsive throb of his breaking heart,
For he thinks 'tis the maiden's breast.

THE DREAM OF LIFE'S YOUNG DAY.

ONCE more, Eliza, let me look
Upon thy smiling face,
For there I with the joy of grief
Thy mother's features trace—
Her sparkling eye, her winning smile,
And sweet bewitching air—
Her raven locks, which clustering hung
Upon her bosom fair.

It is the same enchanting smile,
And eye of joyous mirth,
Which beamed so bright with life and light
In her who gave thee birth.
And strongly do they bring to mind
Life's gladsome happy day,
When first I felt within my heart
Love's pulse begin to play.

My years were few, my heart was pure,
For vice and folly wore
A hideous and disgusting front,
In those green days of yore.
Destructive dissipation then,
With her deceitful train,
Had not, with their attractive glare,
Confus'd and turn'd my brain.

Ah ! well can I recal to mind
How quick my heart would beat,
To see her in the House of Prayer
So meekly take her seat.

And when our voices mingle sweet
In music's solemn strains,
My youthful blood tumultuously
Rush'd tingling through my veins.

It must have been of happiness
A more than mortal dream—
It must have been of heavenly light
A bright unbroken beam—
A draught of pure unmingled bliss :
For to my wither'd heart
It doth, e'en now, a thrilling glow
Of ecstasy impart.

She now hath gone where sorrow's gloom
The brow doth never shade ;
Where on the cheek the rosy bloom
Of youth doth never fade.
And I've been left to struggle here,
Till now my locks are grey,
Yet still I love to think upon
This " dream of life's young day."

MY AULD UNCLE JOHN.

I SING not of Prince, nor of Prelate, nor Peer,
Who the titles and trappings of vanity wear ;
I sing of no hero, whose fame has been spread
O'er the earth, for the quantum of blood he hath shed—
But of one, who life's path with humility trod,
The friend of mankind, and the child of his God ?
Who, indeed, died to "Fame and to Fortune unknown,"

But who lives in my heart's core—my auld Uncle
John.

His manners were simple, yet manly and firm,
His friendship was generous, and constant, and warm ;

To Jew and Gentile alike he was kind,
For the trammels of party ne'er narrow'd his mind—
His heart like his haun', was aye open and free,
And though he at times had but little to gi'e,
Yet even that little with grace was bestown,
For it cam' frae the heart o' my auld Uncle John.

O weel do I mind, though I then was but young,
When he cam' on a visit, how blithely I sprung
To meet the auld man, who with visage so meek
Would a kiss of affection imprint on my cheek ;
Then I'd place him a chair, take his staff and his hat,
Then climb up on his knee, where delighted I sat—
For never was monarch so proud on his throne,
As I on the KNEE o' my auld Uncle John.

When at school, to his snug room with pleasure I'd
hie,
And often I've seen the fire flash from his eye,
And a flush o' delight his pale cheek o'erspread,
When a passage from Shakspeare or Milton I read.

For me the best authors he'd kindly select,
He then to their beauties my eye would direct,
Or the faults to which sometimes great genius is
prone,
So correct was the taste o' my auld Uncle John.

'Twas said, when a stripling, his feelings had been
Storm-blighted and rent by a false-hearted quean,
But this sour'd not his temper, for maidens would
bloom
More brightly and fresh when among them he'd come.
They would cluster around him, like flowers round the
oak,
To weep at his love-tale, to laugh at his joke ;
For his stories were told in a style and a tone
That aye put them in raptures wi' auld Uncle John.

To all he was pleasing—to auld and to young—
To the rich and the poor, to the weak and the strong ;
He laughed with the gay, moralised with the grave,
The wise man he humour'd, the fool he forgave ;

Religion with him was no transient qualm,
'Twas not hearing a sermon, or singing a psalm,
Or a holiday robe for a season put on,
'Twas the every day robe o' my auld Uncle John.

His country he lov'd, for her glory he sigh'd,
Her struggles of yore for her rights were his pride ;
He lov'd her clear streams, and her green flowery fells—
Her mists and her mountains, her dens and her dells ;
Yes ! the land of his fathers, his birth-place he lov'd,
Her science, her wit, and her worth he approv'd,
But men of each kindred, and colour, and zone,
As brethren were held by my auld Uncle John.

His last sickness I tended, and when he was dead,
To the grave in deep sorrow I carried his head ;
The spot is not marked by inscription or bust,
No child nor lone widow weeps over his dust ;
But oft when the Star of Eve lightly doth burn,
From the bustle and noise of this world I turn,
And forget, for a while, both its smile and its frown,
On the green turf which covers my auld Uncle John.

TO THE GREAT AGITATOR.

Hail ! second Daniel—great O'Connell, hail !

Star of the morning ! what has marr'd thy course ?—

The law's strong engine hath not made thee quail,

Thy spirit shrinks not 'neath its mighty force ;

Thou still canst stem corruption at its source,

And with the Parson still be found in league,

Fleeing poor thoughtless Pat without remorse—

Between ye, he is led an Irish jig,

For thou hast got his purse—the Parson has his pig.

Thou prince of scribblers, luckiest of the tribe,

Excelled by none, and equalled but by few,

Ne'er mind the Tories, let them have their jibe,

For well thou know'st they are a catching crew ;

Thou art a Catholic christian, and no Jew,
Whose love of lucre doth his soul enslave—
No,—thou art raised by Heaven to clean the stew
Of base corruption, and thy land to save—
Go on, then, mighty Dan ! “thy deeds shall rank thee
with the brave.”

The canting hypocrite of *low* degree
May do what mischief lieth in his power ;
He may do this with zeal, and sorry be
He is not able to accomplish more ;
He may make lengthen'd prayers with looks demure,
Be seen on Sundays regular in his pew,
And 'neath this mask conceal a heart impure,
Yet, after all, but little mischief do—
His sphere of action narrow, and his dupes but
few ;

But when he moves in a *superior* orb,
When a whole nation doth before him bend,
When he assumes fair virtue's spotless garb,
When he to *public spirit* doth pretend,

When he affects to be the *People's friend*,
To "bottle all their tears," and hear their moan,
Their views, their hopes, their interests to extend,
When at the same time he but serves his own—
A nation well may weep, when such surround a
throne.

Rome's great republic bloom'd with vigorous health,
Her sun long shone with pure and cloudless ray,
But who o'erturned and spoiled her commonwealth,
Who made her subject to Imperial sway,
And to barbarian Goths an easy prey?
Was't not the mighty Cæsar—even him
Who o'er his country's carcase forced his way,
Enslaved her sons, and made her glory dim,
Nor staid till round his brows he bound her dia-
dem?

'Tis strange a man will barter peace and ease
For what is passing as a summer's cloud,
The popular breath:—that he will push and squeeze
To catch the notice of the changeling crowd.

Alas ! no sooner is he in his shroud,
Or out of office, (which is all the same,)
Than they forget him, and will bawl as loud
After the next aspirant mad for fame,
Who humbly begs their suffrages, that he may gain
a name.

This is most strange ; but it is stranger still
To see this very crowd so much befooled
By every *needy, new* adventurer. Will
They by sad experience ne'er be schooled ?
Will they be ever thus hoodwink'd and gull'd
By one or other of the *People's friends* ?—
The *smooth-tongued* knave, who has them thus
cajol'd,
And made their necks his footstool, condescends,
To cast them —— and there the matter ends.

There ends the matter—this —— the total sum
Of all the promises they have received.
Some few indeed have thought it all a hum,
Others again, as firmly have believed ;

But though they often have been thus deceived,
The first place-hunter with an oily tongue,
Who would look sad, and say—you're much aggriev'd,
Stretch'd to the cracking would be every lung,
Till with the *Patriot's* praise each town and village
rung.

O who is he, in these degenerate days,
Who to the name of *Patriot* may aspire?—
The man who doth not *covet public praise*,
Within whose bosom burns that sacred fire
Which doth to *noble, generous* deeds inspire,
Whose heart is from each selfish impulse free,
Who every wicked, worldly, weak desire,
Doth quench within him—in a word 'tis he
Whose soul abhors a bribe, who hath not sworn *de-
ceitfully*.

Now, mark the contrast—see the toys of fame,
With gaudy glare, attract Ambition's eye.
He fire-brands scattereth to gain a name,
A name, forsooth! he deems will never die!

How many widow'd hearts will lonely sigh,
Before he reach the summit of his power !
He scorns the widow's tear, the orphan's cry,
And rains on earth of blood a copious shower,
All for a tinsell'd toy—the bauble of an hour.

But if we must have “wars and fightings,” then,
(Although for my part, I could seldom see
The force of reasons, given by wiser men,
To prove their justice or necessity,)
Then, if we must fight, let our warfare be
Against the oppressor, who hath steeped in
blood
A country once the birth-place of the free,
Though now o'er-run with the accursed brood
Of Russian robbers, and barbarians rude.

Gallia ! the Despot's dread, the Freeman's hope,
The laurel droops, which thou were wont to
wear—
Thou hast not risen in thy strength to stop
The Russian robber in his mad career ;

Thy cheek but lately did not blanch for fear,
When thou opposed a haughty tyrant's pride ;
Why did the rust then gather on thy spear,
When Polish patriots perish'd side by side,
And with their noblest blood their hills and valleys
dyed ?

And thou, my country ! well the Muse may blush,
As thy inglorious sloth she doth record
Why hast thou linger'd boldly on to rush,
Why in the scabbard slept thy glittering sword,
When a proud tyrant, with his plundering horde,
Poor hapless Poland plunged in blood and broil ?
On to the rescue, on, and at thy word
The barbarous savages will back recoil,
And their base breath no more pollute fair Freedom's
soil.

Oh ! had thy thunders, which have shook the world,
Rolled o'er the Baltic, Poland had been free,
And the fierce Autocrat had ne'er unfurled
O'er Warsaw's walls the flag of victory.

How long will British blood and treasure be
On trifles wasted?—will the crouching slave
Thus rob poor Poland of her liberty,
And bring her down to an untimely grave,
And thou look coldly on, nor stretch a hand to save?

No; Heaven forbid! Yet, shouldst thou still deny
Aid to a cause thou know'st to be so just,
Shouldst thou still wink at lawless tyranny,
The hour will come, and come ere long, we trust,
When the Oppressor's lip will bite the dust,
And all the schemes of mad ambition fail.
Why, 'tis the cause of TRUTH, and therefore must,
If justice sleep not, in the end prevail,
Though tyrants, leagued with hell, the rights of man
assail.

THE BROKEN TRYST.

THE cloth was laid, and on the board
Was spread the sumptuous feast,
The bride impatiently awaits
The bridegroom and the priest.
The sun, mid clouds of burnish'd gold,
Had sunk behind the hill,
The plighted hour long since was past,
The bridegroom laggard still.

Now red, red grew the maiden's cheek,
And now grew deadly pale,
As love and pride, alternately,
Did in her breast prevail.
And many a weary wistful look,
Although no tear she shed,
She cast upon the little path
Which to the cottage led.

And, ever and anon, her pride
 Would half suppress a sigh ;
'Twas all in vain—she could not hide
 Her mental agony.

Her tearless eye, her quivering lip,
 Her look of mute despair,
Her bosom's deep, convulsive throb,
 Told what was passing there.

A dark'ning haze came o'er her sight,
 Her life was ebbing fast ;
And on her loving sister's breast,
 She fainting sunk at last ;
When, hark ! the sound of distant wheels
 Was heard upon the road :
A moment more, and on the hearth
 The bridegroom breathless stood.

He kneel'd—he gazed upon her face,
 Which e'en in death was fair ;
He laid his hand upon her heart,
 But all was stillness there.

Her hand so white, so moist, and cold,
Hung powerless by her side—
The stern, the cruel spoiler Death
Had robb'd him of his bride.

A GRANDMOTHER'S LOVE.

THERE is nothing so pure as a Grandmother's Love—
'Tis a ray of the light which comes down from above ;
It is free from all selfishness—ardent and pure—
Through sunshine and shade it doth ever endure :
'Tis a fresh spring of joy swelling up in the breast—
By both word and action 'tis ever express'd ;
Oh ! wide we may wander, but ne'er can we prove,
In after life, aught like a Grandmother's Love.

The other relations of life were to me
All mingled with self, to a certain degree ;
With a thread of frail texture the web was still wove,
But no fibre was strained in my Grandmother's Love.

And though all her kindness could ne'er be return'd,
Still year after year with fresh brightness it burn'd,
Though conscious the while that she never could see
The twig which it watered spring up to a tree.

Ah! well I remember, in Life's golden prime
How happy I was on her old chair to climb,
And hang round her neck till the moment of bliss,
When she turn'd with a sweet smile and gave me a kiss.
I lay in her bosom—she sung me to sleep—
There I nestled till Morn through the curtains did peep.
Oh! friends may be fickle, and flatterers prove—
There is nothing so pure as a Grandmother's Love.

THE STRUGGLE'S O'ER.

THE struggle's o'er with thee on earth,

Thy brief, bright race is run ;

I saw thy rising, and I now

Have seen thy setting sun.

Oh ! sadly may thy mother mourn

O'er thy untimely fate,

For, by thy death, her house is now

Made dark and desolate.

Alas ! in life, we sow in joy,

But often reap in tears ;

I nurs'd thy smiling infancy,

And watch'd thy rip'ning years,

And thought in time to see upon

Thy brow the laurels wave :

But thou art dead, and all my hopes

Lie buried in thy grave.

The early blossoms of the Spring
May open fresh and fair—
May spread their bosoms to the sun,
And fruitful promise bear.

But oft a cold and withering blast
Doth from the desert come,
And scatters rudely on the ground
Their young and tender bloom.

Yet, though the chilling blasts oft blight
The blossoms of the Spring,
The parent tree stands firm, and still
Forth golden fruit may bring.

But I am left to wither,
Like a sapless, blasted tree,
And never will the leaves of Spring
Again be seen on me.

In Sorrow's dark and cheerless vale
My lot in life is cast;
Each coming day appears to me
More gloomy than the past.

“ For other and for happier hearts
The sun may brightly shine,
But, ah ! his rays will never warm
This cold, cold heart of mine.”

THE KIRK OF SCOTLAND.

THE Kirk ! old Scotland's much lov'd Kirk !
Her glory and her pride,
Which once the force of papal power
And all its craft defied ;
Whose martyrs “ in the deadly breach ”
So long unflinching stood,
To truth their testimony gave,
And sealed it with their blood ;
Who Superstition's robe tore off,
And vaunting Error tam'd,
Who liberty of conscience
For themselves and children claim'd ;

And made their spirits quail who did

The earth's high places fill—

We lov'd thee in our early youth—

We venerate thee still !

The gallant ship which boldly braves

The fury of the blast,

And weathering the port, there rides

Triumphantly at last ;

Though torn her sails, and though her spars

Her decks in splinters strew,

Prove that her timbers have been sound,

And skilful were her crew ;

E'en so our Kirk, like that good ship,

Though loud the tempest raves,

Though buffeted on every side,

By proud and swelling waves,

Will o'er their high and foaming crests

Victorious ride. And why?—

Because the glorious Flag of Truth

Waves from her topmast high.

Our Kirk, God bless her—long the light
Of this and other lands,
Upon a sure and solid Rock
Secure and firmly stands ;
And though her enemies may place
The mine beneath her feet,
And on her fair fame sneering throw
Their sarcasms and wit ;
Though they may prophesy her walls
Shall desolate become,
And for the owls and bats will be
A hiding place and home—
Their ribald jests will pointless prove,
Their plots and schemes will fail,
For 'gainst her “even the gates of hell,”
We know, shall ne'er prevail.

BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

BATH'D in the crystal dew's of Morn,
The wild rose blushes on the thorn ;
Bent o'er the brook the willow weeps,
Fresh from the sod the daisy peeps ;
On crags, and cliffs, and valleys green,
Are all the hues of summer seen ;
But dark they are, and dull to me,
My dearest ——— wanting thee.

In vain the glens I wander through,
My heart is moved by little now,
Grief hath her shroud around me thrown,
At noon of life my sun 's gone down.
The swift-winged hours which o'er me flew,
The transports high that once I knew :
All these are now for ever gone,
And midst the wreck I stand alone.

Say whence this void within my heart—
Can nothing else “a charm impart?”
Cannot the world’s enticing wile—
Pleasure’s allurements—care beguile?
Have I not glens, and rocks, and streams,
The Muse, sweet maid! to bless my dreams—
Can these not soothe my bosom’s care?
Ah! no—thou art not here to share.

HINTS, &c. &c.

’Tis amusing to one
Who is just looking on,
And cares little how the result may be shown,
To witness the fuss and to hear the tirade
Of long-winded harangues, that have lately been made
By men of all creeds, whether new, right, or wrong,
In the good town of “Seestu,” to which we belong,
About raising a stone,
Whereon might be shown
The regard which they bear to the Bards that are gone.

'Tis amusing, we say,
To hear, day after day,
Men "chiding their infamous, tardy delay ;"
Yet time rolling on,
And still nothing done—
Still nothing appearing—*not even the stone !*

The Poets, whatever the causes have been,
For the most part, it will on strict survey be seen,
Have been by their brethren but scurvily used,
And as public taste varied, been praised or abused—
By critics dissected, by flatterers spoiled,
Through life they alternately triumphed or toiled.
Whatever this life was to others, to them
It was no draught of nectar—no gay golden dream—
'Twas a fearful reality—deep settled gloom,
Through which rays of light would at intervals loom—
Yet when the Bards died,
They were all deified,
And to honour their names men with each other vied.
Alas! it with pity one's bowels doth move,
To think on this niggardly, posthumous love,

Which gives not to the poor humble Bard while in
life,

To grapple with this world's bustle and strife—

Which will starve him to death—then whine over his
dust,

And raise up a fine mausoleum or bust.

But we to our shame,

Notwithstanding the claim

Our Poets have on us, don't even that same.

The lot of the Bard

Is with us—we must say it—peculiarly hard.

While living, we scorn him, we on him look shy—

And when dead, then we leave him forgotten to lie ;

One's bile it doth stir up—nay, even the Muse

Declares in a pet we are worse than the Jews.

Their children did varnish

And piously garnish

With gew-gaws and garlands, fantastic and vain,

The tombs of the Prophets their fathers had slain ;

But we, after all that our Poets have sung,

Give nought to their memories—*nothing but tongue.*

Our fathers left Wilson, poor soul ! in the stream,
To stoop or to struggle, to sink or to swim—
They neglected, reproached, they defamed, they belied
him—

His home they made bleak,
And forced him to seek
That fame among strangers his country denied him.

And what has been done for the Bard Tannahill—
For him whose sweet strains through the rapt bosom
thrill

Of the Scotchman who, far from his dear native
glen,

Thinks sadly of scenes he may ne'er see agen,
Of the home of his childhood, to memory sweet,
Of which but the thought makes his pulse quicker
beat ?

He, musing at eventide, haply may hear
The “ Braes o’ Gleniffer ” burst wild on his ear,
Or the “ Harper o’ Mull ” sadly makin’ his mane,
Or “ Jessie, sweet Jessie, the Flower o’ Dum-
blane.”

For the Bard who hath sung thus, pray what has been
done?

Why nothing—that's certain—not even a stone
To his merits or memory yet hath appear'd,

SAVE THE PILLAR OF FAME WHICH HIS OWN HANDS
HAVE REAR'D!

SUNRISE.

'Tis sweet to watch from some lone height
The first faint blush of morning light,
Before the sun's refulgent rays
Have broke the thin and silvery haze
Which lies upon the distant hills,
And shrouds, as yet, the crystal rills,
That soon, in all their glittering sheen,
Will on their dark brown sides be seen.

The rosy blushes of the sky
Assume a bright and brighter dye ;
The mist, retiring, brings to view
The dark green vallies gemm'd with dew.
The lonely cot of peace which breathes,
From whence the smoke ascends in wreaths,
And village spire and streamlet bright,
And hill and dale are bath'd in light.

The sun is up—"the timid hare"
Now starts up from her mossy lair,
And as across the heath she scours,
Brushes the dew-drops from the flowers.
The raven's cry, the lamb's soft bleat,
The plover's wild note, mingle sweet,
And in a grateful anthem rise
To Him who all their wants supplies.

The sun is up, on every side
Sweet sounds are heard ; the rushing tide ;
The murmuring stream ; the hum of bees ;
The whispering of the morning breeze.

The lark is carolling on high,
The woodlands ring with melody,
And whistling as he turns the soil,
The ploughboy cheers his rustic toil.

Oh ! where's the heart in such an hour
That does not vibrate at its core,
To look upon a scene like this,
So bright, so balmy, full of bliss ?
Who has not felt his spirit leap,
As with devotion pure and deep
He joins the morning sacrifice
Which doth from Nature's altar rise.

SUNSET.

THE setting sun hath round him roll'd
His robes of crimson and of gold ;
O'er hill and dale, on lake and lea,
The mellow light shines radiantly ;
The insect dances in the beam—
The trout leaps lightly in the stream,
And watches, with an eager eye,
The heedless, unsuspecting fly.

Worn by the wasting hand of time,
The grey old ruin towers sublime—
Upon its lonely mouldering walls
The setting sunlight brightly falls ;
So looks the saint, when age has shed
Its snow upon his drooping head,
Making his locks, though thin and hoary,
Beam on his brow a crown of glory.

The sun has set—the western skies
Are dipp'd in Nature's richest dyes,
But soon they faint and fainter grow,
All blending in one ruddy glow.
The bat, slow wheeling, flits about,
Then one by one the stars peep out,
And sparkling in the azure bright,
Shed o'er the scene a shadowy light.

In 's humble hut upon the moor
The weary cottar sits secure—
Upon a board, of fir-tree made,
His wholesome, simple supper 's laid ;—
Close to his broad and manly breast
He hath his little darling prest,
And, in his wife's endearing smiles,
Reaps the reward of all his toils.

There sits he in his peaceful home,
Which serves (for love needs little room,)
As kitchen, scullery, and hall,
Sitting and sleeping room and all ;

His meal, though plain, he eats with zest,
And worn and weary goes to rest,
Contented though to-morrow's sun
May see his toil again begun.

Soundly he sleeps—'tis true, none wait
His waking, like the rich and great ;
But then, no nightmare, foul and dread,
No grisly spectre haunts his bed.
He, doubtless, of the world's care
May have a heavy load to bear ;
Yet, sour though sometimes be his cup,
With many a sweet 'tis mingled up.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

SHE droop'd, day after day she drooped,
Like a sickly flower she faded fast :
Although, for months gone by, she hop'd
When Winter's dreary gloom had pass'd,
And smiling, fairy-footed Spring
Upon the fresh green earth had come ;
When the blythe lark had trimm'd his wing,
And soar'd to heaven ; and when the hum
Of bees was heard ; when blushing flowers
Breath'd balmy, sweet perfume ;
Health would restore her wasted powers—
Her cheek again would bloom.
But, ah ! sweet Spring did not revive
The lustre of her eye ;
She felt it was in vain to strive,
So laid her down to die.
Upon her wan and wasted cheek
Death set his seal ; and yet the meek,

The patient sufferer, undismayed,
Look'd forward to the moment when
This world, with all its light and shade,
Would be to her as't ne'er had been.

She lov'd ;—and never had the god
A bower wherein to rest—
A throne where purer radiance glow'd,
Than that young maiden's breast.
She lov'd a youth in whom there seem'd
Each manly grace combin'd :
Fair was his form ; but, ah ! there beam'd
No beauty in his mind.

He practis'd every pleasing art,
He won her unsuspecting heart,
And oft beneath the harvest moon,
Which o'er them shed her mellow light,
And from her silver car look'd down
Upon the fond pair with delight—
Oft would they walk. Ah then, what bliss
What pure unmingled happiness,

Thrill'd through each fibre of her heart,
So calm, confiding, void of art.
The flowers that sprang beneath her feet
In such bless'd moments breath'd more sweet ;
The streams a softer murmur made,
And greener grew th' embowering glade ;
The stars that sparkled in the sky
Shone with unwonted brilliancy ;
And all around, below, above,
Was bath'd in light, and life, and love.

But soon this scene of happiness
Was chang'd to one of deep distress,
And joyless dark despair.
Upon her pale and polish'd brow
The characters of inward woe
Deeply engraven were.
Her fickle lover heartlessly
A chilling coolness first betrayed,
And by and by, without a sigh,
He left the weeping maid.

Ah ! then, the wild flowers lost their bloom,
And all the world was wrapp'd in gloom.

* * * * *

'Twas on a wintry day,
When faint and flickering were the rays
That struggled through the thickening haze
Which on each object lay,
A death-like pall o'erhung the sky,
The snow fell fast and heavily,
And noiseless was the mourner's tread,
As through the silent streets they sped ;
And thus, amid the dreary gloom,
We saw her carried to the tomb :
Her—no ; it was but lifeless clay
That then they sadly bore away ;
The spirit doubtless soar'd on high,
For such pure essence *could not die*.

VERSES FOR THE NEW YEAR.

ALAS! what must his feelings be,
His gnawing, mental agony,
Who looks on days and years gone by,
With fainting heart, and frenzied eye;
Thinks on the follies he hath lov'd,
His time and talents misimprov'd
On midnight revels, beauty's power,
And all the babble of the hour?
What must he think, when pleasures pall
Upon the appetite, and all
The shadows of this earthly scene
Have passed as they had never been:
When age begins to set his mark
Upon the brow ;—when dim and dark
The eye becomes that once was bright,
And when the “almond's blossom white
Begins to flourish,” “when the bowl
Is nigh the breaking,” and the soul

Doth the dread hour anticipate,
When she before the judgment-seat
Must trembling stand—oh ! God alone,
To whom the hearts of men are known,
Can on the troubled spirit pour
The balm of peace in that dark hour.

Whoe'er thou art, who this may read,
I pray thee to my words take heed—
Although to thee the knee be bow'd,
Though thousands tremble at thy nod,
Though thou may'st kingdoms rend in twain,
The mightiest triumph thou canst gain
Is, as the "Preacher" said of old,
Over thyself control to hold.
Let not thy passions have the sway,
Let them obscure not Reason's ray,
And when upon thy alter'd cheek
The hand of time shall furrows break—
When this vain world's fast fleeting joys,
Its airy dreams, its tinsell'd toys,

Its lights and shadows, hopes and fears,
 Its loves and hatreds, smiles and tears,
 Have vanish'd like a morning dream,
 Or dried up like a summer's stream,
Then thou wilt be assur'd to find
 Heaven's richest treasure—PEACE OF MIND !

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DESERTED OLD MAN.

AND are ye gone, my youthful days,
 When pleased I ran about the braes,
 Blythe as the lambs that sported there,
 My buoyant heart as free from care?
 Are all the castles which I built—
 Are all the towers my fancy gilt,
 Like to an idle pageant gone,
 And to the dust come crumbling down?

'Tis even so—life's dream is past,
The shades of night are gathering fast
Around my head ; grown grey with eild
I soon must quit the battle-field,
And weary, comfortless, and lone,
My body to the dust go down.

I little thought in life's young day,
When on my soul no sadness lay,
When skies were bright, and sunbeams play'd
On meadow green and flowery glade,
That I would in my age be left
Of hope and every joy bereft.

For many a year this passing scene
To me a wilderness hath been ;
I have outliv'd my bosom friend,
On whom I safely could depend
For solace mid the many cares
That vex'd me in this vale of tears ;
I have outliv'd my hopes of fame—
The goodly honour of my name ;

My peace of mind I have destroy'd,
 And all seems vapid, dull, and void.
 The silvery music of the streams
 No longer mingles in my dreams ;
 Nature is wrapp'd up in her shroud,
 With not a ray to pierce the cloud !

The lov'd companion of my youth,
 Who freely plighted me her truth,
 When we, through Hope's delusive glass,
 Saw nought but scenes of happiness ;
 Who well my faults and foibles knew,
 And, what is more, forgave them too ;—
 She who, in one word, was my pride,
 My life, my all, fell sick and died.
 Oh ! that sad hour I'll ne'er forget—
 'Tis deeply in my memory set ;
 The Winter night had worn away,
 And cheerless broke the morning ray ;
 The pale light fell upon her face—
 Those features where I well could trace

Death's hand at work ;—the cold, damp brow,
The fix'd, glaz'd eyeballs, sightless now ;
Those eyes, which once had on me beam'd
With light and life, by Death were dimm'd.

In that sad hour—so dark, so dread—
My strength of mind, my spirit fled ;
In dissipation's giddy whirl,
Which quick did ruin on me hurl,
A while with headlong steps I ran,
Lost to my God, myself, and man.

* * * * *

O lay me—when this struggle's o'er,
When passions rage nor tempt no more—
Lay me in some sequester'd glen,
Far from the busy haunts of men ;
Haply upon my humble tomb
The early flowers of Spring will bloom,
And to the solitary spot
Some friend, by whom I'm not forgot,
Will come perhaps to ruminate
Upon my sad, unhappy fate.

A FATHER'S LAMENT FOR THE LOSS OF
HIS CHILD.

THOU hast tasted of death, my lovely flower !

That bitter cup of which all must drink ;

My heart is broken from this sad hour,

Amidst the o'erwhelming waves I sink.

I have lost thee, thou that wert my pride,

And the world to me is one vast void :

Thy leaf, though green, hath fall'n from the tree,

And sapless and sear

It doth now appear—

Oh ! “ would to God I had died for thee.”

Within this narrow mound there lies

The life of my heart, and the light of mine eyes,

The mother and her child.—

My brain grows wild !

O Father of Mercy! look down on my grief,
Look down in pity and send relief;
My heart is breaking,
Tie after tie is asunder cracking;
Briers and thorns my path bestrew,
And the phantom of Death doth my steps pursue.

One grave contains
Your belov'd remains;
And who can tell
But thy mother now looks from her airy hall,
Far, far remov'd above earthly thrall,
On the spot where together ye soundly sleep,
And a tear of joy, "such as angels weep,"
May fall—to think that there doth rest,
Upon her fond maternal breast,
The child she lov'd so well?

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

WRITTEN DURING THE VIOLENT CONTROVERSY BETWEEN CHURCHMEN AND VOLUNTARIES, 1835.

“ LORD, what is man ?” well might the Psalmist say.

Feeble of frame, in mental vision blind,
He struggleth on his dark and dubious way,
Toss'd to and fro by every passing wind,
Borne, like the foam upon the wave, his mind,
Restless and roving, grasps at boundless rule.
Yet, as a slave, his passions do him bind,
The tame, the truckling, and obedient tool
Of many an idle whim and mad caprice—poor fool!

Full surely man “ disquiets himself in vain,”

Yet, all unlikely as the tale may seem,
This worm, this creature of a day, would fain
Himself and his exploits immortal deem.

But the presumptive, vain, and impious dream,
Is laugh'd to scorn, by Him who sits in heaven,
And his avenging sword will one day gleam,
And his red thunderbolts of wrath be driven
'Gainst those whose *party strifes* earth hath asunder
riven.

Show me the man, unswayed by selfish ends,
Who labours to promote the *general good*,
Whose every act to that great object tends,
Within whose breast no *party feelings* brood,
Who suffers no weak passions to intrude
Within the sphere of duty,—*Him* I rate,
Whether he wears the bonds of servitude,
Or on his lordly wishes menials wait—
Him and him only, to be truly great.

But, as the world goes now, 'tis empty pride,
And selfish *party spirit*, ruleth all,
Our weakest foibles are with strength supplied,
By them who do themselves God's servants call ;

The souls of men they craftily intral,
Their party purposes and views to suit,
They fill their minds with pride, their hearts with gall,
Making them eat of bitterness the root.
The tree cannot be good which bears such worthless
fruit.

When one frail mortal's rais'd above the rest,
That is, above what's called the common fry,
He ought undoubtedly to be possessed,
Of more than ordinary talent ; why ?
Because low men are taught to look to high
For their examples in the way to heaven ;
It therefore hath an evil tendency,
If men so rais'd, are to bad habits given—
Are bigots, drivellers, fools, or not of the right leaven.

Now, with regard to those whom *men* have plac'd
(For *Heaven* had little hand in't), o'er us, say,
What has their conduct been, since they were grac'd
With brief authority, or priestly sway ?

Have they not worried us, from day to day,
With disputations trifling and absurd,
Party provoking party to the fray,
Till one would think they needed but the word
To rise and sack the earth with faggot, fire, and sword?

First came the Voluntary Question on.

“We’re robb’d and plundered then was all the
cry,
By help of Heaven, we’ll pull Baal’s altars down,
And overturn the ancient hierarchy ;
Long hath she lifted up her horn on high,
But now we must disrobe the ‘scarlet whore,’ ”
They called her, “Mother of harlots—Mystery,”
Said she was drunken and defiled with gore,
In short, abused her worse than w—e was e’er before.

“Our fort’s in danger,” then the Churchmen bawl’d,
“Unfurl the standards, draw the great guns forth,
Let a wise leader forthwith be install’d,
We’ll drive these foul-mouth’d traitors from the
earth.

What ! shall we men of genius, learning, birth,
Be trampled on by such base upstarts ? No.
Shall creatures who have neither talent, worth,
Nor influence to uphold them, serve us so ?
Display our banners wide—arm, arm, and crush the foe.

So hath the war raged, and between the two
Have moderate men been tortured day by day ;
Trifle has followed trifle, and but few
There seem who wish an end put to the fray,
Sometimes the keeping of a *holiday*,
Sometimes the ringing of a *parish bell*,
One party crying pull, the other nay,
These have been fought for with a hate so fell,
They've made a nest of devils, the place wherein we
dwell.

And what hath all this noisy *war of words*—
This poor vain babbling and contention hot—
What hath it done, but burst the silken cords
Which bind us to each other ? Will it not
Be in our country's history a blot—

Will not our children blush to read their names,
Who thus have discord to our dwellings brought,
And to establish each their petty claims,
Have with unholy hands wrapp'd half the world in
flames ?

We have not now the gibbet nor the axe,
Nor blocks with blood of holy martyrs dyed ;
Nor fires, nor faggots, dungeons, chains, nor racks,
Nor red hot pincers to our limbs applied :
But we have evils close to these allied—
The hearts of children turned against their sires,
Blind bigotry, and sour sectarian pride,
Which aye the *extinction* of its foe desires,
In short, the self-same *spirit* that kindled Smithfield
fires.

Let no one say that this is rank abuse,
Or that examples of such sort are rare.
The man that would his neighbour's name traduce,
And with unmatched effrontery would dare
To shut the ear of Heaven against his prayer,

And look on him with supercilious scorn,
Because their creeds in all things did not square—
That man would also, if it served his turn,
Imprison, fine, and torture, poison, hang, and burn.

And what is it they aim at—what the palm
For which they both so sturdily contend ?
Truth makes her way, by *unobtrusive, calm,*
And *gentle* means, no feelings doth she rend ;
She doth upon the hearts of men descend,
Like dew from heaven, silent, and soft, and sweet.
How then can they her sacred cause defend,
By strife and violence, brawling and debate,
Tearing each other's wigs, like the nymphs of Bil-
lingsgate.

Granting each party deemed they held the right,
And that the one which they opposed, was
wrong,
Is't with the "fist of wickedness" to smite,
Or with the clamour of the sland'rous tongue,
Which in our ears so jarringly has rung,

Converts to either party will be made ?
Will they thus root out prejudices strong,
Or can they hope that by this mad crusade
Men's minds will be convinced, or truth established ?

Party or Sect!—Good heavens ! the very name
Among professing Christians is absurd ;
The Rule by which they square their life 's the
same—

All take their doctrines from the self-same Word,
In *name* at least, disciples of one Lord,
And knowing love religion's *soul* to be.
Why in the hearts of men then sow discord,
And do the devil's work without a fee,
By fostering spiritual pride, and pampering vanity ?

No man can be a Christian, yet be proud ;
But if he hates his brother he is less,
Let his harangues be e'er so long or loud,
Whether they stain the pulpit or the press,
There's in him nought on which we can lay stress,

He is not to be trusted, not the man
To whom we might look up in our distress,
Though in a popular crowd, he leads the van,
The idol of the mob, like the illustrious Dan.

O! how unlike the lowly "Prince of Peace"
Who, while on earth, *reform'd* and *bless'd* man-
kind ;
Who did the weary prisoner's bonds release,
And stilled the tumults of the troubled mind,
Who op'd the orbless eyeballs of the blind,
And went about contin'ally doing good ;
Who bore his wrongs so meekly, so resigned,
And begg'd forgiveness for the rabble rude,
Who in his sacred blood their wicked hands imbrued.

And to the bright example of his life
Are added precepts and commands, which show
That they who stir up envyings, and strife,
And malice amongst men, and strive to sow
Tares in the field, by running to and fro,

Teaching the vain distinctions of a class—
These men, whate'er their stations, do not know,
The spirit of the faith which they profess,
Which should o'er earth diffuse peace, love, and happiness.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

SIR CHARLES.—Poh, poh, ridiculous! the club was the card against the world.

LADY RACKET.—Oh, no, no, no,—I say it was the diamond.

Three Weeks after Marriage.

'Tis amusing to trace, some philosophers think,
The many sage causes why men eat and drink—
Why men eat and drink, may some simpleton say,
The reasons for this are seen day after day ;
What light on this subject can logic supply,
Men eat when they're hungry, and drink when they're dry.

These reasons may serve for the rabble, 'tis true,
But with all men of spunk they have nothing to do ;
And the man who thinks not so, though bless'd with a
skull,

On this subject, at least, is most wretchedly dull.
He must either have lock'd himself up in a cloister,
Or clung to a rock all his days like an oyster ;
Of life he knows little, else proof he'd have had,
That there's scarce an event, whether joyful or sad,
Whether fitted to sink, or to keep us from sinking,
But is made a good reason for eating and drinking.
Some eat for amusement, some eat to get fat,
Some drink to be raised above care—and all that.
The soldier through sheer hunger swallows his ration,
Your fine lady eats just because 'tis the fashion ;
Men drink at a king's birth, and when he departs,
With a glass of good stingo they comfort their hearts ;
In war should a seeming advantage be gain'd,
Then, by all loyal subjects the cellars are drain'd ;
In the lap of sweet peace should our quarrels be
sunk,
Then each zealous christian gets piously drunk.

So varied the ways by which men, the poor elves,
Have found at all times to impose on themselves ;
But, say what they will, there are many who think
That 'tis nought in all cases but sheer love of drink.
But of all the occasions for feasting and fun
Ever seized on by Trojan, Greek, Vandal, or Hun,
Since Noah got tipsy on leaving the ark,
Or the far-fam'd Cleopatra wench'd with old Mark,
Is one that but lately took place in this town,
For *pap* and for politics high in renown,
Which for strength and for weight, and for true ster-
ling worth,
May vie with all reasons for feasting on earth.

It would seem that a certain smooth oily-tongued knave
(Of which you're aware, my good friends—by your
leave—

There are some in all cities)—this knave, it would seem,
Was held by his townsmen in mighty esteem ;
Hand-and-glove with our bailies on bench and at board,
Made bargains, drank punch, and crack'd jokes with
my lord ;

Was a sage man in council, in logic profound,
His friends could cajole, and his foes could confound ;

In outward deportment most gentle and kind,
In word unassuming, in action refin'd ;
Of habits most regular, in dealings no grub,
Went to church twice a week, and six times to the club ;

Vers'd deep in the sciences, skill'd in the arts ;
In short, he was reckon'd a man of great parts !
This rogue, who, like most of his brethren, was deep,
Went slily to work, and his friends lull'd asleep,
Laid his plans with great caution, in all parts complete,
And the cream of the jest was, none thought him a cheat.

In this way he managed to scrape things together,
Gave his bill to this friend, and took goods from that other,
Went to all of whose purse he could beg or could borrow,
And tripp'd off at last without taking good morrow.

Now, reader, as these rhymes were wrote for instruction,

I pray you don't fret at this long introduction,
And peevishly ask what has all this to do
With the title, or subject, now under review ?
Have patience a little—we'll come to the point,
Or else, as the rhyme goes, the devil is in't.
There's nothing—as lawyers have proved by learned
clauses—

There's nothing like tracing effects to their causes ;
Now, I pray you, observe me, this rogue had a FEL-
LOW—

Which does not mean equal—No, no, do not swallow
Such horrible stuff—'twas not easy to find
In a pretty wide circle a rogue of *his* kind.
The word simply signifies PARTNER IN TRADE,
Who, it seems, honest man ! took it into his head
To peep where he ought not—to cut the thing short—
For which he was tried, and adjudged by the court
To go back where he came from, and then, without
fail,
To take lodgings six weeks in the New County Jail.

Time roll'd swiftly on, that grand curer of sorrow,
Who still bids the wretch hope a better good morrow,
And kindly, at last, brought that day in his train,
That restor'd our poor pris'ner to freedom again.
O! where is the Bard that can paint with just force,
The gladness of heart his friends tasted of course,
To think that a *genius so dazzling, so bright*,
Should bless them once more with its pure ray of light ;
And as they, worthy souls ! were determin'd to prove,
They held him in rev'rence, and worthy their love ;
They assembled together and knock'd their wise heads,
How to give the best proof, not by words but by deeds :
So 'twas firmly agreed, by each kind-hearted sinner,
They could not do better than eat a good dinner.

Good Heavens ! some cold-hearted cynic may say—
Was *this* then the cause of yon splendid display ?
For this were our gentles so finely array'd,
And so much strong toddy and sentiment made ;
For this were the walls hung with green birch and
myrtle,
As they do when fat Aldermen feed upon turtle ;

And was it this childish, this half-witted caper,
An account of which fill'd up so much of our paper?
Ay, reader, and wisely to press was it sent,
For it made a most COMELY APPEARANCE in print;
And each barber and blacksmith, for twenty miles
round,
Will with rapture and wonderment hear the glad sound,
And tell to their children and neighbours the tale,
When assembled at night o'er their noggin of ale.

Now suppose dinner over, and hunger appeas'd,
And each good-humoured face looking grateful and
greas'd;
And with nostril extended, the rich steam inhaling,
Which from each capacious punch bowl is exhaling;
See the life-giving glass push its brisk airy round,
While the song and the glee through the wide halls
resound;
See rosy-faced Laughter sit holding his sides,
While Care, in a corner, his wither'd face hides;
The bowl to its dregs the sixth time has been drain'd
As oft have their wits been for sentiment strain'd;

But oh ! how their powers brighten up with each bowl—
What enlargement of thought, what expansion of soul !
Each bumper sets brighter ideas afloat,
'Tis too much for humanity long to hold out ;
Pity beams in each eye, honour glows on each cheek,
Freedom hangs at each tongue's end—by Jove, THEY
MUST SPEAK.

The first who address'd this illustrious rout
Was their good, worthy chairman, who, feeling, no
doubt,
Much afraid that the party might chance to forget
The *important* and *great* end for which they were met,
Rose up to remind them, most candidly thinking
'Twas but just they should know for what cause they
were drinking ;
And aware, should the hint not be given in season,
They would soon be quite drunk without knowing the
reason,
He told them that truly 'twas no common case
Which had brought them as brethren, that day, face
to face ;

That their friend, they all knew, had been greatly
aggriev'd

By one in whose good faith he firmly believ'd—

Who had treach'rously fled to enjoy at his leisure,

In a far distant country, his ill-gotten treasure ;

His partner attempting to do what he could

To effect both his own and the creditors' good,

Had done what was term'd a great trespass in law,

But which all men of sense would pronounce a mere
flaw—

That for this seeming crime he'd been rig'rously
punish'd,

And for six dreary weeks from the sun had been
banish'd ;

But the *light* which had thus for a time been ob-
scur'd,

Was now to their view, by God's blessing, restor'd ;

And this joyful event they had met to get drunk on.

So saying, the chair he with dignity sunk on.

Next rose the great surgeon a man of twelve stone,

Of which, be assur'd, every scruple was tron ;

He talk'd of the strength it would give his friend's
bones

To see round him so many of Traffic's proud sons ;
Talk'd of glooms and eclipses, and much obscuration,
Which envelop'd one-half of the speaker's oration ;
But the darkness, he trusted, would soon be dispell'd,
And this country afforded a wide ample field
For genius and talent like that of his friend,
Who doubtless would reap his reward in the end.
Here he stopp'd, and his friends, laying hold of the
pause,
Knock'd him down amidst thundering shouts of ap-
plause.

The next who harangued this magnanimous tribe
Was our learn'd, and ingenious, and praiseworthy
scribe—

Of pleaders the prince, and the pink of good fellows,
The same who reliev'd the poor *Rad* from the gal-
lows.

All glory and honour he meekly declin'd,
And the palm to the long robes of Embro' resign'd:

“Mr. Chairman—All praise which to me might accrue

I disclaim ; give the honour to whom it is due.
In things of dispute it with truth may be said,
In the course of my life that some practice I’ve had ;
And a client’s defence, from my soul I aver it,
I ne’er heard conducted with more zeal and spirit,
The counsels, both senior and junior, display’d
Through the whole of the work of what stuff they
were made ;

And truly our friend’s is a case which might call
Forth the strong mental powers, and the pity of all ;
He was no greedy pilferer, no mean sordid soul,
But an upright and good decent man on the whole ;
No moral depravity, no vicious thought,
His unblemish’d and fair reputation did blot ;
If he did step aside, let no honest man fret,
’Twas to save, as the Chair had observ’d, the estate ;
And it can’t, to his honour, too loudly be sung,
To do a great right he had done a small wrong ;
For such a man, then, does the worthless wretch live,
Who’d refuse his assistance and pity to give ?

That a fault he committed, at once we allow,
But for this he had suffered, as all of you know ;
And now that he's freed from his late dreary lodging,
His friends will, I trust, take him back without
grudging,

And the right hand of fellowship to him extend,
With that warmth and affection his merits demand.
He ceas'd ; and each auditor pour'd from his throat
A lengthen'd, and loud, and most sonorous shout.

'Twould be tedious to show all the wondrous display
Of rich powerful eloquence made on that day :
Suffice it to say, that had Cicero been there
He had flung them his wig, and resigned them his
chair.

But of all who held forth of this learned little band,
There are two whose great merits our notice demand :

The first a warm side to the softer sex boasted,
And " The Ladies of lovely Edina " he toasted—
A praiseworthy toast every one must allow,
Yet how thrust in there, sure no mortal can know ;

But this gentleman sometimes gets very much flurried,
And is not over scrup'lous when desp'rately hurried ;
And that this is the case scarcely any one doubts,
Ever since he trudg'd off with the gentleman's boots.

BÚt, be that as it may, he sat down on his chair,
And the next speaker rose with a dignified air :
A bold daring genius, of powers so sublime,
They cannot be told, no not even in rhyme—
A chemist, an artist, a man of all work,
Whose mind grasp'd at every thing, much like a Turk ;
He could paint panoramas, exhort, and write essays,
And play “ God save the King ” on the musical glasses ;
He rose up to speak, but his ideas shower'd
In such heaps on his brain, he was quite over-
power'd,

And sunk down on his seat as if hit by a bullet,
With the precious remarks sticking fast in his gullet.

Thus closed the harangues—for the rest we may say,
That the meeting went on in the old usual way—
Some sung, others toasted, but all by the by
Were as merry and pleasant “ as pigs in a sty ; ”

And many ingenious devices were tried
To keep up the mirth, which at times would subside.
After this, some went off, some sat still on their hams,
And, tir'd of the toddy, partook of cold drams,
While others, five shillings' worth holding in scorn,
Went up to the Captain's, and drank there till morn.

CLIPPINGS AND PAIRINGS.

O FOR a spark of Milton's fire,
One chord of Poet Burns's lyre ;
Or, would Cervantes, princely wag,
Spare of his mantle but one rag,
That I might paint with master hand,
In colours that the test would stand,
With pathos strong and truly touching,
The noblest specimen of *bitching*,*
That e'er took place since mother Eve
Did with an apple man deceive.

Poets in every age have sung,
Often, alas ! with venal tongue,
The praises of those heroes great,
Who have laid cities desolate ;
And their pretensions to make good,
Have made this world a field of blood.

* Bitching—a cant term, denoting a species of low buffoonery, much admired and practised in some of our Paisley Clubs.

Much also have those men been praised,
Who have in fields and senates raised
Their voices and their standards high
In the defence of liberty.

Who has not heard of mighty Pitt,
That sample of collective wit ;
And even, in these degenerate days,
Who has not chanted in the praise
Of Grey, and Peel, and Wellington,
Those pillars of the British throne,
And *him*, the far-famed agitator,
Enslaved Ireland's Liberator,
Who sacrificed a thriving trade,
That honest Paddy might be made
A freeman, and henceforth possess
The produce of his *farm* in peace?—
But these, with many other names,
Who on posterity have claims,
Whether distinguished by their birth,
Or by their plain ungarnished worth ;
Whether their intellectual lamp
Has shone within a court or camp,

In scenes of peace or deadly strife,
Are mere noughts to the "Man of Fife."

Kingdom of Fife! long fam'd for fun,
Long may'st thou boast of such a son,
And sound the loud-ton'd trump of fame
In honour of the great wag's name,
For by this master stroke of wit
The knowing ones were fairly bit.
Sore did he smite them hip and thigh,
Therefore they've raised a hue and cry,
And leagued themselves in deadly strife
Against this matchless man of Fife.

Their hearts, poor souls! are doubtless sair,
To think their love of sumptuous fare,
Brandy, and such-like strong potations,
Should thus be publish'd to the nations.

'Twas in that month when hill and plain
Are waving bright with ripen'd grain,
And Plenty o'er this favour'd land
Her bounty sheds with liberal hand,
That this eccentric witty sinner
Invited a few friends to dinner.

His cards were issued, duly dated,
The very hour precisely stated,
When they expected were, if death
I' the meantime did not stop their breath,
And thus their purposes defeat,
In Geordie's splendid ha' to meet.
Each who received this intimation,
Ate pudding by anticipation,
And wip'd with joy his greasy muzzle,
In prospect of the glorious guzzle.
Alas! how short and weak of sight
Are we, with all our boasted light!
Philosophers have long ago
Declar'd how little mortals know
Of what to-morrow has in store—
This moment's ours, but nothing more.
Just when the cup is at our lip,
And we, poor fools! begin to sip,
Some hand unseen doth dash it down,
And spill the beverage on the ground;
We mourn, but, ah! we mourn in vain,
It can't be gathered up again.

Geordie, meanwhile, was brisk and busy,
And wi' the lass, a tight young hizzie,
Labour'd with unremitting zeal
To grace this splendid festival.
His gear was a' in requisition,
And it is whispered, in addition,
That what he had na o' his ain,
He got the len o' frae a frien'.
His knives were a' weel scour'd and sharpit,
And shaket weel was ilka carpet.
His tables shone like looking-glasses,
And o'er their bonnie polish'd faces,
To kep the draps o' creesh and dirt
Which frae the guzzlers' gabs might squirt,
Were cloths of snaw-white texture laid,
Ilk ane o' them Dunfermline made.
And as nae plates o' common size
Could haud the gash and gaucy pies,
New anes were frae the delf-house trysted,
That nae guid gravy might be wasted.
The widest oven in the town
Was then procured to get them done,

And orders to the baker given,
(An honest lad o' the right leaven,)
To exert his utmost skill and taste,
In covering them wi' gude rich paste.

At length the happy day came on,
And just at four i' the afternoon,
The hour appointed in the card,
The honest gentlemen appeared.
First came the Man o' Fife—nae tumphie,
Next *great* Sir Archie, *alias* *Grumphie*,
Then came our much esteem'd croupier,
A well known lover of good *cheer*,
Then blithe *Loch Goyne*, sworn foe to dolor,
Craig Marloch next, the man of colour,
A red wud deil for fun and toddy,
A better soul ne'er warmed a body ;
Then *Cumlock* came, a crusty blade,
And sleekie Tam, the *knowing lad* ;
Next *Capital*, baith red and rosy,
Marshall'd his brither—*Easie-Osie* ;
The *Cock o' the North* in plumage gay—
The *Infant* led by *Skin a Flea*—

The *Clerk*, a credit to the core,
And then my good *Lord Chancellor*—
The *fine chiel*, and the *man o' peace*,
Wi' twa three sheep o' the same fleece :
These, wi' the worthy *Hespedair*,
Cam' to partake the sumptuous fare
Which had so amply been provided
By him who at the board presided.
A' brilliant wits and worthies pickit,
Most tastefully and trimly deckit
In cloth of quality the best,
As it had been a Lord Mayor's feast :
The waul o' Paisley—gems in short
Of the first water—by report,
Louping and lively, hale and hearty ;
In short, a most convivial party
As ever care in caup did drown,
That day in Geordie's ha' sat down.

Now dinner on the table smokit,
The steam each appetite provokit,
Our hero in the chair sat down,
The brandy had three times gane roun ;'

Upon the good things every eye
Gazed with enraptured ecstasy,
When ben the room wee Geordie bounced,
And to his worthy guests announced,
A girl inquired with eager haste
For the Grand Master of the feast.
A gentleman, she said, frae Lunnon,
Wish'd earnestly to have communion
On urgent business with their host
For one half-hour or so at most.
The knights of this well furnished table
Thought the request unseasonable,
Extremely so — as every one
Was long since tir'd of looking on,
And eager to begin the clatter
Of knives, and forks: but since the matter
Could not be mended, they submitted,
But first most earnestly entreated
Their worthy host to nominate
Some one to fill his vacant seat.
'Twas done, and loud shouts rent the air
As Archie waddled to the chair;

The man o' Fife then made his bow,
And bade them for a while adieu.

Dispute now round the board ran high
Anent commencing instantly ;
A few to wait a while were bent,
Upon their worthy President,
And the short interim to fill up,
By sending round the brandy cup ;
But this the major part opposed,
Their clamorous appetites were roused,
And were resolved that come what may,
They would begin to cut away.
'Twas then unanimously agreed,
That they should instantly proceed ;
But as a prelude to the work,
Before they handled knife or fork,
The chairman should a blessing crave
On what they then were to receive :
With solemn face, then, ane and a',
Begged Archie just to say awa'.

Archie, thus called upon, stood up,
Surrounded by the godly group,

Composed his features, wiped his brow,
And in a tone of reverence due
Most fervently implored of Heaven
That a' their sins might be forgiven—
Acknowledged that they a' had come
Polluted frae their mother's womb,
That in the broad and beaten path,
Which leads to darkness and to death,
They a', alas ! had gone astray
Like straggling sheep from day to day ;
But though they thus had often swerv'd,
And to be damn'd right weel deserved,
He fondly hoped, for such a set
Of decent men as there were met,
Some *sma'* allowance would be made,
When the grand reckoning was ca'd :
He next most humbly did confess
Their absolute unworthiness
Of such good things to be partakers,
As had been now brought frae the baker's ;
What were they or their father's house,
That they should be distinguish'd thus ?

Many were doomed to want and toil,
While they were fed on roast and boil,
And in the best o' braid claith clad,
While others scarce a covering had ;
But like that perverse race, the Jews,
Their privileges they did abuse,
For though in this waste wilderness,
Where many mourned in deep distress,
They still had been in safety led,
And a rich table for them spread ;
On them this goodness had been wasted,
For aye the better they were feasted
The more ungratefu' they had turned,
And the kind hand that fed them scorned ;
Like Jeshurun of old, so wicked,
The mair they ate, the mair they kicked.
For these and other black misdeeds,
Which cried for vengeance on their heads,
He begged forgiveness, and expressed
A wish this meeting might be blest,
And keepit free frae a' excess
O' surfeiting and drunkenness.

Amen ! cried each impatient Cork,
And quickly seized his knife and fork.

When Archie in the chair sat down,
He looked round him with a frown,
And gave a solemn admonition
To some, who during his Petition
Had sniftert out, the graceless wretches !
At some of his pathetic touches.
It was a burning shame, he said,
For men of Christian parents bred,
Who had, in short, the least pretence
To decency or common sense,
Religion keepit out of sight,
The servants of the Lord to slight ;
So saying, he gravely wip'd his beard,
And for the dinner toils prepared.

But how shall I attempt to paint
The broad stare of astonishment ;
The dark, the deep despairing glance
Which glared from every countenance,
When Archie, wi' his sleeves row'd up,
His knife clench'd firm within his grup,

Broke with an air of lordly state
The reeking crust frae aff his plate.
The bridegroom who has just retired,
His blood by love's warm impulse fir'd,
To his bride's chamber, there to prove
The ecstasies of mutual love,
And finds beneath the nuptial sheets,
No bride whose heart with transport beats,
But a cold, lifeless, lump of wood.
Instead of luscious flesh and blood :
One so bereaved would gasp and stare ;
So did each gaping guzzler there,
When he beheld a sailor's hammock,
Instead of lining for the stomach.
“ The gods confound him, haul it out,
O, if I had him by the snout !
Come, bear a hand, lads, tak' a haud o't,
My conscience ! there's a bonnie blaud o't ;
But what come's next ! O, d—n the rascal,
Had I but here our guid Town Fiscal,
The hangman's taws should peel his hide well,
Besides sax months' hard wark in Bridewell !

Upon my soul—sax smoothing airns—
Now, men, I move the fellow's harns
Shall be knock'd out for this vile trick,
And given, by Jove! the dogs to lick :
But this, perhaps, is all a bother,
Come, gentlemen, we'll try another ;
Your dish looks well, my good Croupier,
It sure contains much better cheer ;
Perhaps, when done, no hoax is meant,
With your good leave we'll try what's in't."

On tiptoe stood the expectant group,
Alternate swayed 'twixt fear and hope,
As the Croupier cut up his pie ;
When, all at once, a deafening cry
Of horror burst from every throat,
As the contents, all hissing hot,
Were tumbled out. Cries Archie, " Well,
This is most truly damnable !
What stuff is this—what kind of cheer—
What, in the fiend's name, have we here ?
' Clippings and Pairings,'—warehouse scrubbings,
Fragments of letters, broken bobbins,

Ends of old borders, long flung by,
Twa spyndle or three of fancy dye,
Some bowl waft, long unfit for working,
Used when he first began the corking.
Forbye some bits o' auld cane reeds,
Waste paper, nails, and drallum leads,
Stumps o' auld pens, worn to the girstle,
An auld ink-stan'. O for a warstle
Wi' the lang scullion, thus to sport
With his frien's feelings, and, in short,
Mak' them the jest and ridicule
Of the whole toun—O, what a fool,
What an auld fool have I been thus
To run my neck in such a noose !
Were ever gentlemen so gulled
Betwitch'd—bedevil'd, and befool'd ?
We will be laughed at, and blackguarded,
Hissed, hooted, pelted and placarded :
The story will, in after times,
Become the theme of scurvy rhymes ;
And even on Saturdays at the shaver's
Be made the jest of half-starved weavers ;

The very drawboys, too, will mock,
And make of us a laughing-stock ;
The Clubs will lift their horn on high,
We will be hang'd in effigy,
Though this, to some of us, 'tis true,
Will be a thing by no means new.
But if I had the rascal here,
Who hath upon us palmed such cheer,
For this base insult on my belly,
By Heavens, I'd pound him to a jelly."

He paused for breath, and silence reigned
A space, for every tongue was chained,
As when the loud winds on the deep
Have fairly brawl'd themselves asleep ;
At length, he gave his beard a stroke,
And thus the solemn silence broke :—
“ Now, gentlemen, what say you till't,
Will we put up with this insult ?
Will we allow this man o' Fife
To sport with what's more dear than life
To every man of common sense—
His honour ? No—on no pretence ;

In justice to our country's name,
In justice to our own fair fame,
In justice to our love of eating,
Our wives, our children, it is fitting
That we should raise our standard high
Against this common enemy :
Be brief, and say what's to be done,
For by yon brightly setting sun,
Whatever others may incline
To do—for one I'll speak my mind,
I shall not live another week
Till I on him my vengeance wreak."

"Right," cried Loch Goyne, "and I propose,
To bring this fracas to a close,
With due submission to the chair,
That we to Fraser's shall repair,
And there let each man fill his stomach,
With something better than a hammock ;
We're losing time wi' a' this clatter,
The sooner we're awa' the better."

He ceased, and round the dry divan
A murmur of approval ran,

A' but frae Geordie, wha bewailed
The ruin that had been entailed
For ever upon him and his,
By this infernal bare-faced quiz.
“ I'm a lost man, my friends,” he said,
“ Would to the gods I had been laid
Within the narrow house of clay
Before this unpropitious day :
I may henceforth put on my brod,
And on my door write Ichabod ;
For nane will come at morning tide
For bitters frae the Causeyside ;
Nor cannily step up the lane,
Between the hours o' twal and ane,
And in at my quiet back door slip,
Fu' slily their cauld punch to sip ;
Nae mair will my deserted hearth
Be gladden'd by the voice of mirth ;
Nae mair a happy core at e'en
Will roun the toddy bowl convene,
To crack their joke, and laugh and sing,
Until the very roof-tree ring ;

No—though their lips wi' drouth may crack,
They'll ne'er in my house spend a plack."

Thus Geordie mourned, but nane were heeding,
They a' were too intent on feeding,
To pay much notice to his grief;
So he was left a season brief,
To wail an' mourn, like Burns's mousie,
Over the ruin o' his housie.

REFLECTIONS.

I'M not disposed to carp or snarl,
Or think that aught in this weak warl
Will e'er come under my inspection,
Entitled to be ca'd Perfection ;
This I conceive to be a feature
Never was worn by human nature.
But, gentlemen, of a' the grades,
The widely varied shapes and shades

Of character we daily hit on,
None is more odious than a *glutton*.
Of all the shapes which vice puts on,
This is the most detested one.
The Libertine, whose specious art
Ensnares the youthful virgin's heart,
And flatters only to deceive,
May yet be gen'rous, wise, and brave ;
The Miser, mid his many failings,
May yet be honest in his dealings ;
The Liar may be entertaining,
And in external manners winning ;
But the besotted beastly clod,
Who hath his belly made his god—
Who makes it his supreme delight
At all times—morning, noon, and night,
To wallow in the filthy sty
Of gross and grovelling *gluttony*—
A sot like this we must despise,
For no redeeming qualities
He has to raise him in the scale
Of what's deem'd creatures rational ;

He brings dishonour on his name,
And glories in his greatest shame,
And howsoe'er his fortunes flourish,
Sinks far below the brutes that perish.

THE MIGHTY MUNRO.

Come, brawny John Barleycorn, len' me your aid,
Though for such inspiration aft dearly I've paid—
Come cram up my noddle, and help me to show,
In true graphic colours, the mighty Munro.

O! could ye but hear him his stories rehearse,
Whilk the like was ne'er heard o', in prose or in verse,
Ye wad lauch till the sweat doon your haffets did flow,
At the matchless, magnificent, mighty Munro.

With such pleasing persuasion, he blaws in your lug,
Ye wad think that the verra inanimate jug,
Whilk stauns on the table, mair brichtly doth glow
At the wild witching stories o' mighty Munro.

Such care-killing capers—such glorious riggs,
Such cantrin' on cuddies, and cadging in gigs,
Such rantin', and jauntin', and shoutin', and show,
Could ne'er be display'd but by mighty Munro.

Great Goliath o' Gath, who came out and defied,
With the big swelling words o' vain glory and pride,
The brave armies of Israel, as all of you know,
Was a dwarf-looking bodie, compared wi' Munro.

And Samson, that hero, who slew men *en masse*
Wi' naething but just the jaw-bane o' an ass;
And drew down a house on himsel' and the foe,
Was a puir feckless creatur' compared wi' Munro.

The chivalrous knight of La Mancha, 'tis true,
And Baron Munchausen, had equals but few;

Their exploits have astonished the warl, but, lo!
Both the Don and the Baron must bow to Munro.

But a tithe o' his merit nae words can impart,
His errors are all of the head, not the heart;
Though his tongue doth a little too trippingly go,
Yet a guid chiel at bottom is mighty Munro.

The lamp o' his fame will continue to burn,
When even his dust to the dust shall return,
And for ages to come a bright halo will throw
O'er the mouldering remains o' the mighty Munro.

JOCK WEIR.

THE kingdom o' heaven 's been liken'd to leaven,
And life to the rose on the brier ;
Nay, for each thing of worth we've a likeness on earth—
But to what shall we liken Jock Weir ?

Auld Nature confesses, though used to mak' asses
By scores every day in the year,
She is certain not one from her mould was e'er thrown,
So true to the breed as Jock Weir.

When Folly began her dark sway o'er man,
But few did her livery wear—
But her power soon increas'd, and she purchas'd a beast,
And now the jade ride's on Jock Weir.

Ye grapplers for fame, who to 'stablish a name,
Through a gutter would willingly steer,
If a leader ye want, whom no insult can daunt,
We beseech you look up to Jock Weir.

Ye herds o' the tower, 'bout your monkies no more,
Or your male lions, bluster and swear,
If ye'll purchase a face, your collection to grace,
Come doun and we'll sell you Jock Weir.

O! there never was found such a nauseous compound,
Since the union of salts and sma' beer—
Such a mixture unholy, o' dirt, sin, and folly,
As meets in the trunk o' Jock Weir.

N—L S—N.

I've been east, I've been west, I've faced many a blast,
And many queer things I have seen,
But them a' put together, I ne'er did forgather
Wi' a venomous wasp like N—l S—n.

I have viewed him throughout, from the tail to the
snout,

With an eye scrutinizing and keen—
The bumps of his head I have measur'd and weigh'd,
But still he's a riddle—N—l S—n.

It delights the vile trash to get telling a clash,
He glories in all that is mean ;
But a generous deed never sprung from the head,
Nor the rank rotten heart o' N—l S—n.

He may preach till he's hairse, and quote chapter and
verse,

He may pray till he's howe in the e'en,
He may hunt till he 's bald, but a sheep to the fauld
Will never be brought by N—l S—n.

Mumford, go shut thy shop, thou from henceforth may
drop

O'er thy wire managed figures the screen,
For by Jove there 's not one in thy whole caravan
Can match the vile puppet N—l S—n.

In a word—if creation a classification
Can furnish of all that is mean,
Ignoble, and elfish—sour, sordid, and selfish—
In two words, ye have it—N—l S—n.

THE CALEDONIAN DANCE—1813.

'Twas in the month o' dark December,
(A time that I may aye remember,)
When stormy win's the trees dismember,
An' strip them bare,
A core convened to disencumber
Their hearts o' care.

In Tyrie's Ha' the party met,
Clad i' the best that they could get,
An', I'se be sworn, a trigger set
O' belles and beaux
Tam Tyrie never did admit
Within his wa's.

The first wha graced this glittering scene
Was our wise Preses, J—k M'——n,
An' his wee partner, prince o' men
For gait an' air,
He thocht himsel' nae sheep-shank bane,
That nicht, I'll swear.

The next were B——h, an' mighty Y——l,
Twa men that speak by square an' rule,
An' P——n, that eccentric soul,
An' M——w W——e,
An inoffensive animal—
A Moses quite.

Wi' twa-three mae o' sma'er note,
That D——r lad wha sells the fruit,
An' him wha's lassie strain'd her kuit,
An' H——ms, the clerk,
An' S——r, wha's red pimpled snout
Flames i' the dark.

(O! S——r, lad, tak' physic quick,
Eat of mercurial pills a peck,

Mixt wi' a curn o' sulphur stick,
An' searchin' nitre,
Or Spanish flees laid on richt thick,
Micht e'en do better.

Then, when thou'st got thy neb made clean,
As it has never, never been,
Though thou'lt ha'e naething, even then,
Of which to boast,
Still thou may on the street be seen
Without disgust.)

But to return—In 'Tyrie's Ha'
That nicht these belles an' beaux sae braw
Their gifts an' graces forth did shaw
In gallant trim,
The stars beside them, ane an' a',
Burned blue and dim.

The lassies, in their tartans dress'd,
Their bonnie sel's far, far surpass'd ;
The lads, too, tried their verra best
Smart things to say,

Their partners hadna time to list—

Their hearts were gay.

In happy hours o' youthfu' prime,

When days are bright, and nights sublime,

On dances, then, the stream o' Time

'Neath cloudless rays,

Unsullied by the sludge or slime

O' later days.

The Ha' was brightly lichted up,

An' Pleasure, frae her witching cup,

Pour'd nectar on each balmy lip,

Till every eye

Of the delighted, glorious group

Sparkled wi' joy.

O! for a grain o' Robin's glee,

Ae note o' his wild minstrelsy,

That rung sae merrily and free,

That I micht tell

What flichts o' mirth an' jollity

Did there prevail!

Such kintra dances, jigs, and reels,
Such gracefu' turns, and airy wheels,
While music rang in merry peals
That gar'd us loup,
Till baith the hizzies and the chieils
Swat at the d—p.

But sport like this lang couldna last,
For owre our nebs sweat drappit fast,
So 'twas proposed that we had best
Slip on our plaids,
An' march thegither aff in haste
To fill our hides.

So down the stair we gaed thegither,
Cleekit fu' couth wi' ane anither,
The savoury scent crap roun' my blether—
But O! the taste!
Lords nicht been pleas'd, or earls either,
Wi' sic a feast.

Then down we sat in order due ;
But, just as we were fa'ing to,

Our Preses, having lookit through
That nane were missing,
Gat up, an' wi' uncover'd pow
Besought a blessing.

Then we began ; but, Lord, sic slashing,
Amang the plates such dreadfu' clashing,
Such deadly digs, and desperate hashing,
Was never seen
Since eating suppers cam' in fashion
'Mang Highlandmen.

At length we ceased, for a' the squad
O' ilk thing gude partaken had,
And then our Chairman, honest lad,
Raise wi' a bang,
And, after having order ca'd,
Proposed a sang.

The sang then roun' the ring did rin,
Some smooth and fine the thread could spin,
While ithers rumbled like a linn
When rain has swell'd it,

Their pipes, I'm sure, will never men'

Till ance they're geldit.

Then brisk again the dance we yokit,

We reel'd, and set, and jumpt, and joukit,

Till lads and lasses baith were knockit

Clean dune and dry,

And Morn her golden gates unlockit

I' the eastern sky.

THE DRUNKARD.

INTEMP'RANCE, like "the strong man arm'd,"

Hath bound him with a chain—

He hugs it, and no effort makes,

His freedom to regain.

Its clankings please him, midst the mire

Contentedly he lies,

And offers to the god he loves

A willing sacrifice.

He hates restraint—he laughs to scorn

The wisdom of the schools,

And all your money-making men

He counts but grovelling fools.

And what by sober prudent men

Are business habits styl'd,

The fellow knows no more of them

Than does a sucking child.

The poison 's in his vitals,
It hath mingled with his blood,
It hath become his whole desire,
His nightly—daily food.
'Tis the deity he worships—
For at morn, at noon, at night,
The whole man, heart and soul, alas !
It now engrosses quite.

Ye'll see it in his tottering step,
His vacant, stupid stare--
His shaking hand—his quivering lip—
His visage pale and spare.
Ye'll hear it in his frivolous talk,
For drink 's his darling theme,
It occupies his thoughts by day,
By night it is his dream.

Tell him his little children starve,
His wife is in despair—
That by one vigorous effort
He might yet their wrongs repair.

The poor degraded, callous, lost,
 Insipid, silly sot,
Will answer with a brutish growl,
 And say he minds it not.

His former fond familiar friends
 Now shun him like a pest,
For white and threadbare is his coat,
 And greasy is his vest.
His hat has grown "a world too wide,"
 And hangeth o'er his nose,
And through his patch'd and shachled shoes
 Protrude his naked toes.

His withered visage, sharp and thin,
 Is of a yellow hue ;
'Tis bloodless all, except his nose,
 And it is reddish blue :
His cravat, turn'd a rotten rag,
 Besmeared with snuff and dirt,
Is o'er his breast cross'd carefully,
 For why ?—he wants a shirt.

'The precepts which were taught him,

The example that was set
Before his eyes in early life,

Soon, soon did he forget :

Upon his kindred and his friends

He 's brought disgrace and shame,
And now his very children blush
To hear their father's name.

Oh ! what hath this benighted land,

O'erwhelmed as with a flood,
And made the world a " Golgotha,"
A place of skulls and blood ?

What hath the scowling gibbet reared,

And forged the felon's chain ?—
'Tis writ in characters of blood—

The cup which Drunkards drain.

THE UNDECIDED, &c.

STAY, stay, my friend, I cannot go—

My mind 's not yet made up
To dash for ever from my lips

The sweet, the cheering cup.

You know that in aught else, my friend,

I am at your command ;

But so much self-denial, sir,

I'm sure I could not stand.

I cannot in my strength of mind,

Or principles confide,

I fear the experiment would fail,

Although this night 'twere tried.

I shortly would become as one

Who in true love was cross'd,

And wander round my former haunts

A solitary ghost.

The club which I've frequented—ay

For more than twenty years,

The very thoughts of leaving it

My heart in pieces tears—

The snug—the comfortable room,

Where we so long have met—

The jests which I have laugh'd at,

Oh! I never can forget.

To see each jolly member with

A long pipe in his cheek,

Encircled with a fragrant cloud

Of philosophic reek ;

And ever and anon to hear

The wit spontaneous flow ;

Ah! who is he of mortal mould

Who could such bliss forego.

You tell me from the tyranny

Of custom I'll be free ;

But even that boasted liberty

A terror is to me.

For though my *body*, it is true,
Might not be present there,
My *spirit* would, like Banquo's, fill
Each night the vacant chair.

I cannot let such dogmas
Ever down my throat be cramm'd,
As that one being drunk at times
Will for that same be damned.
If ye from heaven all exclude
Who relish drink and fun,
Then the devil has got the victory,
For he has ten for one.

His friend upon him kindly cast
A look of bitter grief:—
I fain would try, thought he at last,
To give him some relief;
And as he seems to like so well
The vile delusive cup,
A few of its *advantages*
I now will number up.

ADVANTAGES OF DRUNKENNESS.

If, then, in the first place, you wish to expose
Your follies and secrets to friends and to foes,
Take deep draughts of strong drink, and your object
you'll win,

For the one will run out while the other runs in.

If in breast, brain, and bowels, it is your desire
To carry at all times unquenchable fire ;
Then a drunkard become, and more fiercely 'twill burn,
For the longer ye drink, still the drier ye turn.

If you wish to be quarrelsome, pettish, and proud,
In language and manners disgusting and rude ;
To be sulky and snappish to friends and to foes,
Then ne'er go to bed without taking your dose.

And if 'tis your wish that your bed should become
A den where blue devils glare wild through the gloom,
Or a furnace that's heated by hell's hottest fire,
Then a drunkard become, and ye have your desire.

If you wish to be lousy in person and spirit,
And your breath to be such as no one can come near it
For fear of inhaling the villainous stink,
Then get whisky, and make it your meat and your
drink.

And if 'tis your wish to get into a row,
Or get rid of your money without knowing how ;
Then a drunkard become, and you'll find by and by
That your cash from your purse will insensibly fly.

If you wish to turn squalid and sickly in hue,
Your nose to turn purple, your lips to turn blue,
And beneath your high cheek-bones your eyes to be
sunk,
Your infallible plan is each day to get drunk.

If you wish through the streets like a reptile to
crawl,
And convulsively start if a feather but fall,
Or a dog on your pathway should suddenly pounce,
Then a drunkard become and you have it at once.

And if 'tis your wish to lose hold of the rein
You should keep o'er your passions, and let them attain
The ascendancy over you—making you do
What once you despis'd, then get drunk—that's your
clue.

If this moment to be in a burning brain fever,
And the next o'er your frame feel a cold creeping
shiver,
And your limbs to be withered, mis-shapen, and
shrunk—

If this be your wish, for *one* fortnight be drunk.

In a word, if you wish as no man to be prized,
To be laugh'd at by all, or, what's worse, be despis'd ;
If you wish your best friends to look sulky and shy,
And with dread from your bloated, blue visage to fly,—

If this world to lose, and the future to loot,
To be first starved on earth, then from heaven shut out !
If all this you wish, then the alehouse attend—
You'll find it the best means for gaining your END.

THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS.

O DRINK! thou fell parent of uproar and broil,
Thou misnamed consoler of sorrow and toil,
Thou grand source of misery, mother of crime,
The bane of our bliss, and the curse of our clime—
How much does he lose whom thy cravings attend?—
His health and his substance, his fame and his friend.
Thou giv'st light, it is true, but 'tis only a spark
Which misleads the poor wand'rer who gropes in the
dark ;

Thou giv'st joy, but 'tis that of the fool or the sot,
Which is liken'd to thorns crackling under a pot ;
And though on thee the weary have lean'd in their
need,

Instead of a *staff*, they have found thee a *reed*.
The poor fool who loves thee but seeks his own shame ;
For sooner or later thou'lt blast his fair fame :

Like the insect that sports in the warm sunny beams,
Thou grant'st him of pleasure a few feeble gleams,
Till infamy comes, like a life-killing frost,
And lays the poor flutterer low in the dust.

In the varied afflictions of life, when the heart
Has been probed to the quick, and writhes under the
smart,

When the cloud, black with tempest, has burst on our
head,

And the *friend* we have trusted forsook us and fled ;

When thus left deserted and lonely, the soul

Too often, alas ! seeks relief from the bowl.

But, ah ! fell delusion ! the fool who hath flown

To the bottle for refuge, sits listlessly down,

(When the fanciful scenes that were seen by its ray,

Like the dews of the morning, have vanish'd away,)

And cries out—"Wo 's me ! for no case is like mine,"

And, instead of resolving, doth only repine.

It debases the mind, its best powers it destroys,

It sinks even wise heads and grey beards to boys,

It detracts from our good, while it magnifies ill,
And in strong chains of iron it fetters the will,
It unfits for all action, enervates the soul,
And brings the whole man tamely under control ;
He conjures up shapes who scream death in his ear,
And torture his fancy with doubt and with fear.
Insurmountable dangers, fresh obstacles rise
In thick battle array ; to his weak, maudlin eyes
Even mole-hills seem mountains—a speck in the sky
Is the thunder-cloud ready to burst from on high ;
His own shadow with horror his life-blood doth freeze,
And he starts at the sound of the whispering breeze.
When he ventures abroad, his head downwards doth
bend,
And he trembles to meet ev'n the face of a friend.
Should he sleep, then his dreams are of demons and
death,
Every limb is convulsed, while he labours for breath ;
And when Morn sheds her light on his pale sickly
brow,
Each feature is haggard with anguish and wo ;

And yet, notwithstanding this anguish and pain,
He returns like the dog to his vomit again ;
Runs the same round of folly, the same giddy course,
Every day his base appetite gaining fresh force ;
Till at length the poor heart-broken, hell-driven
wretch,
Takes his finishing draught, and expires *in a ditch*.

The beginning of sin is like water let forth,
Then 'tis wise its first motions to crush in the birth ;
As the stream, which is trifling and weak at its source,
Gathers greatness and strength as it rolls on its course,
So the deed which to-day fill'd the bosom with sor-
row,
Is laugh'd at, and even made boast of to-morrow.
The youth, when first raising the cup to his lip,
Feels something like dread, and he trembles to sip,
But anon he grows bolder, and quaffs with a grace
What he lately partook with distortion of face—
And *now* he delights in the midnight debauch,
With mad sons of Belial harassing the watch,

Disturbs quiet burghers with brawling and noise,
Then hies to a brothel, and piecemeal destroys
His health and his fortune.—His friends look aghast,
The Rubicon now the youth fairly hath pass'd,
Their sober and sage admonitions he spurns,
From the quaint prosing old folks indignant he turns,
And is hail'd by his madcap associates in folly,
The prince of the party, their boast and their bully.

The hot fev'rish blood waxes cooler at length,
But his habits have only thus gain'd the more strength ;
Now a reg'lar and thorough-bred tippler he's grown,
The same man at root, though his wild oats are sown :
To meet with his cronies is now his delight,
Quite punctual at morn, and at noon, and at night—
His soul has turned callous, each passage is barr'd
To his heart, which has grown, like the adamant,
hard,
The man cannot sit, cannot speak, cannot think,
Cannot walk, nor rise up, nor lie down, without
drink—

On this altar unhallow'd, without sigh or tear,
Is sacrific'd all he was wont to hold dear—
With all his amusements and business 'tis mix'd,
So deep in his soul the base poison is fix'd :
Is a bargain to make?—then the thing 'twould be
 shamming,
Nay, in truth, 'twould not stand were it done without
 dramming :
'Tis the first thing proposed when he meets with a
 friend,
And of all his affairs 'tis beginning and end ;
'Tis his first and last thoughts, when awake 'tis his
 theme,
And whenever he happens to doze, 'tis his dream ;
'Tis his *hope*, 'tis his *stay*, 'tis his *hearing*, his *seeing*,
Here he lives, here he moves, and in short has his
 being.

At length he arrives at the last weary stage,
Where at once he's assailed by disease, want, and
 age,

His frail shatter'd bark down the current is borne,
All his friends now look blank, and their backs on him
turn,

Or if any may haply through *pity* remain,
They, like Job's worthy friends, only minister pain ;
They tell him, that truly 'tis matter of wonder
He e'er could commit such a pitiful blunder ;
A child might have seen he was posting to ruin,
And he cannot deny but 'twas all his own doing ;
The wretch, worried thus, hurries forth in despair,
And drowns in the bowl for a season his care ;
And 'tis but for a season—the dream is soon past,
For to bitter remorse he awakens at last ;
His *pleasures* have fled on the wings of the wind,
And left worse than the sting of a scorpion behind :
Of the cup he hath mingled he now must drink deep,
The wind he hath sown, and the wind he must reap.
And whither, alas ! for relief will he turn ?
From all sides is pointed the finger of scorn—
Even his wife now upbraids him with weakness of soul,
O'er the fruit of his loins he hath now no control ;

They laugh at his silly pretensions to rule,
And count him not many removes from a fool ;
Thus press'd on each side, he all courage doth lose,
And the current no longer he strives to oppose :
Through the streets of the city he half-famish'd reels,
In the broad face of day, with a troop at his heels
Of mirth-making, mischievous urchins hallooing,
And seeming, like fiends, to exult in his ruin.
But their hootings he heeds not, the taunt and the
sneer,
And the burst of loud laughter, disturb not his ear :
He now hath no hope, nor no fear, nor no aim,
On the world's *kind* sympathies he hath no claim ;
He feels himself lonely, deserted and poor,
That the soft tear of pity—so hallow'd, so pure,
Is shed not for him :—His eye turns to the tomb,
And he trusts mid its friendly, though desolate gloom,
When the cold hand of death his sunk eyelids hath
press'd,
That his poor houseless head shall find shelter and
rest.

THE DRUNKARD'S EPITAPH.

WITHIN this grave in silence lies
A drucken brawling bodie,
Wha sald for drink the verra meal
That should ha'e made his croudie.
His drucken rants brought many wants
Wi' pale face to his door,
Now wi' a sod the banes are clad,
That ne'er were clad before.

THE WABSTER'S ADDRESS.

I'm sair dejected now, Jean,
My heart is like to break,
And a' my faith and hope, Jean,
Ha'e nearly gane to wreck ;
Yet aft the aching heart, Jean,
Feels something like content,
To tell its dark foreboding fears,
And gi'e its sorrows vent.

The deepening shadows lour, Jean,
Our prospects a' aroun',
And it baffles a' my power, Jean,
To keep my heart aboon.
The wintry win's blaw cauld, Jean,
Wi' driving hail and sleet,
And I'm grieved to see our bonnie bairns
Gaun through 't wi' naked feet.

We ance were fat and fair, Jean,
And on the best o't fed,
We ance had claes upon our backs,
And blankets on our bed.
Now neither fire nor food, Jean,
Nor cash, nor claes we ha'e,
And for a bed we've naething left
Noo but a pickle strae.

My hat's grown auld and dunkel'd, Jean,
And hings out owre my een ;
And through my patch'd and shachled shoon
My verra taes are seen ;
My creeshie moleskin jacket, Jean,
Has a' to tatters gane ;
I've nought but huggars on my legs ;
And, as for sarks—I've nane.

And what's your ain sad case, Jean ?
Your beauty a' has flown ;
Wi' perfect cauld and hunger, Jean,
Your nose has shirpit grown.

Your sessnet gown's awa', Jean,
I thocht ye set sae weel;
There 's no a shoe upon your fit—
Ye're rags frae head to heel.

Our aught-day clock 's awa, Jean,
That in the corner stood;
Our braw mahogany table, too,
Ye polish'd up sae snod;
An' chair has fallow't chair, Jean,
Till now the house is toom;
An', waur than a', they've ta'en awa'
My harness and my loom..

I little thocht, wi' health, Jean,
And youth upon our side,
That ever pale-faced Famine, Jean,
Would o'er our threshold stride.
And yet, bless'd wi' them baith, Jean,
We've lived our bairns to see
In want o' baith their bit and brat,
While we ha'e nane to gi'e.

POVERTY.

'Tis said that poverty 's nae sin—
Nane need the doctrine doubt ;
When then we see things gaun a-jee
We shouldna mak' a rout.
We may be bare, and hashter't sair
Wi' hardships most severe,
But while our name 's unstained wi' crime
We little ha'e to fear.

A' this may be—but when we see
The poor man snool'd sae sair,
Nae haun to haud his aching head,
Or ease his load o' care :
And left to dose out o'er his woes,
In solitude sublime,
We weel may think the want o' clink
The greatest earthly crime.

O wha can tell the pains, and toils,
And troubles, that attend
The poor man's lot—*cash* he hath not,
And *credit's* at an end.

The trifling aid perhaps denied
He with reluctance claimed,
Ower proud to prig, he cannot dig,
To beg he is ashamed.

Term day comes on, but comes ower soon,
For he has nought laid up,
His stools and sticks, by hireling hacks,
Are haurlt out to roup.

His houseless head that night is laid
Ahint some auld hay stack,
And he's turned adrift wi' naething left,
But the rags upon his back.

At length wi' cares and sorrows worn,
He lays him down to die,
Without a frien' to close his een,
Or watch his parting sigh.

The struggle's o'er, his wants no more
Nor aid nor pity crave,
And his weary dust is laid at last
Within a nameless grave.

No hallowed tear to memory dear
His clay-cold cheek bedewed :
On his lowly bed no turf is spread,
Nor flowers by friendship strewed.
The poor unknown to the grave has gone,
With those who once have been,
And the very spot where his corpse doth rot,
In a week can scarce be seen.

'Tis *this* which gives to poverty,
Its sharp, its deadly sting ;
'Tis *this* which rankles in the heart,
And snaps its strongest string.
Heaven's griefs are sent wi' kind intent,
And may be firmly borne ;
But wha can brook *man's* haughty look,
His cold contempt and scorn.

ESSAY ON MAN.

I HAVE seen him in infancy, innocent, meek,
(As the smile that sat throned on our first mother's
cheek,)

As he lay so securely and calm on that breast
From whence he drew nourishment, shelter, and rest.

I have seen him in youth, when his pulses beat high,
And the fire of young love brightly beam'd in his eye,
When his feelings were frank, unsuspecting, and kind,
And his words were the print of what pass'd in his
mind.

But see him in manhood—how fall'n is the star !
His genii, both evil and good, are at war ;
To virtue and heav'n exiled by one,
To perdition the other still urging him on.

I have seen him a hypocrite, oily and smooth,
And, when hearing the soft things that fell from his
mouth,

You could scarce have imagined his speeches were all,
Though flavour'd with honey, the essence of gall.

I have seen him a miser who would not have given
One coin from his chest for the treasures of heaven ;
I have seen him a spendthrift, who valued earth's
treasure

For no other end but the prop of his pleasure.

I have seen him a wise man, I've seen him a fool,
I have seen him a trifler, a truckler, a tool,
I have seen him a hero, because he had blent
Rape, ruin, and glory, wherever he went.

Strange medley of passion—thou compound so odd—
Thou'rt reckon'd the noblest production of God !
Of thy reason and freedom thou loudly dost rave,
Though thy passions have led thee, and made thee
their slave.

THE BATTLE OF THE BARONS.

'Twas in December's gloomy month,
When fields and trees are bare,
When frost chains up the running brooks,
And chills the fleeting air,
That the Barons were assembled all
Around Glengary's board,
Which was loaded with the richest
That the season could afford.
There were venison and turkey,
With a goose or two also,
Likewise roasted hens and pheasants
In the middle of the row,
While in the cup, the rosy wine
Did sparkle bright and pure,
Which down their noble throats
The chiefs most potently did pour.

With the trophies of their chivalry
The lofty halls were hung,
And sweetly of their mighty deeds
The hoary minstrel sung,
While in the rumps of bullocks slain
Each chieftain thrust his brand,
And cleared the field of fat things
With a strong and steady hand.
With burnish'd steel, through roast and boil,
They boldly hack'd and hew'd,
And ever and anon
The deadly onslaught was renew'd,
Till to the gullet fairly cramm'd,
And faint and weary grown,
Upon the carpet gloriously
The mighty chiefs lay down.

When thus the potent god of sleep
Had on the heroes seiz'd,
The angry spirit of the winds
An old dead Baron rais'd,

Who floated in a cloud of mist
Adown St. Mirren's stream,
And to Inchkeith's dauntless chief appeared,
All bloody, in a dream.
O! many were the wounds he bore,
For valiant he had been,
And on his visage pale he wore
A broad and ghastly grin,
While o'er his airy form a robe
Of blood-red vapour hung,
And in his cold right hand he held
A sheep's head by the tongue.

O rouse thee, Inchkeith, rouse thee,
Why thus snoring dost thou lie?
O rouse thee, Inchkeith, rouse thee,
And lead on to victory,
To-morrow, 'mongst those Barons bold,
Thou'lt gain a deathless name,
And bards, in after times, shall sing
Thy prowess and thy fame ;

At Renfrew I will meet thee,
Said the ghost, and quickly fled,
And night's dark shades flew with him
To the regions of the dead,
When up the sleeping hero sprung,
And to the rest did show,
That to Renfrew, that same morning,
In a body they must go.

To the famous royal burgh then
The Barons did repair,
Where a man, if he has money,
May be furnished with good cheer ;
For with horn and hoof from Glasgow
'Tis abundantly supplied,
And salmon now and then
Are drawn in plenty from the Clyde.
In the centre of its market-place
Our worthies did convene,
Which was doomed of many a mighty act
That day to be the scene ;

And soon the peaceful burgh
With the direful echoes rung,
And the wild uproar of battle fought
Between these Barons strong.

It chanced that in a corner,
On the right side of the way,
A butcher did his heads, and hearts,
And harigles, display,
And, our heroes being hungry,
As great heroes often are,
A detachment of the party
To the shambles did repair,
And Inchkeith's mighty chieftain,
Being somewhat of a wag,
Took a sheep's head, pale and bloody,
With his bold hand from the nag,
And as he wished to gain a name,
As other heroes do,
The bloody head, most manfully,
He at a Baron threw.

“And now the horrid din of war
Began on every side,”
For quickly with a sheep’s head
Every Baron was supplied,
And, with ambition laudable,
Each chieftain’s heart did burn
To try upon his neighbour’s head
The hardness of the horn ;
Their brawny arms were brandish’d high
Their wrongs all to repair,
And showers of sheep heads suddenly
Did darken then the air,
While from each hero’s eye the fire
Gleam’d terrible afar,
Which added very much unto
The horrors of the war.

O, who can tell the mighty deeds
Which on that day were done ?
Each hero striving might and main
To crack another’s crown,

Their shiver'd weapons scatter'd lay
In heaps upon the street,
Which groan'd, as if in sympathy,
Beneath their mighty feet.
Grim death, with all his ghastly train,
Came forth in pale array,
Expecting, as he'd furnish'd them
With weapons for the fray,
To have, like other mighty men,
Amongst the rest, his share
Of the honours and the carnage
Of this memorable war.

But death, with all his foresight
And sagacity, soon found
That, like many other monarchs,
He had chosen ill his ground,
For the Barons, though they dealt their blows
With hardiness and skill,
And laid about them lustily,
Had no intent to kill,

They knew that loss of brains to them
Was not a matter small,
For if they parted with a few,
They'd then have none at all :
So 'twas resolved, as brains were now
Such precious ware become,
To carry those they had with them
Upon their shoulders home.

HIGHLAND WHISKY, O.

AIR—*Neil Gow.*

COME a' ye crazy, careless crew,
With drouthy craig, and burnin' mou',
Whose hearts a wee drap mountain dew
Has aft made blythe and frisky, O—
Come a' wi' breeks and doublets torn,
And sair wi' me in sackcloth mourn,
The jibes and jeers, the scoffs and scorn,
Endured by Highland whisky, O.

Ilk Reverend chiel, wi' looks sae douce,
Has now begun to crack fu' crouse
And storms of logic and abuse
Pours on the wee drap whisky, O.

And they ha'e sworn a solemn aith
To roar as lang as they ha'e breath,
Nor quat till ance they've been the death
O' guid auld Highland whisky, O.

They tell, in language most sublime,
That *drink's* the nurse o' ilka crime,
And a' that e'er disgraced our clime,
Has been produced by whisky, O.
The tear that dims the orphan's eye,
The lanely wife's desponding sigh,
And the hungry infant's wailing cry,
Are a' the fruits o' whisky, O.

But why in this *reforming* age,
Sae weel refined by *saunt* and *sage*,
Is a' this zeal and stormy rage

Poured out on the wee drap whisky, O ?
Like a' the gifts which Heaven has lent,
'Twas for a blessed comfort sent,
And if man perverts the kind intent,
The faut's no in the whisky, O.

BANKRUPT AND CREDITORS.

HAVE ye heard o' Will Sibbald?—my troth there were
few

That had less in their pouch, or had mair in their pow ;
A master for lang he had faithfully sair'd,

Till he thocht, as he ae nicht sat straiking his beard,
“Through wat and through dry a' my life I ha'e
drudged,

And to work late and early I never have grudged ;
I've been a man's slave since my name I could spell—
What think ye though noo I should work for mysel' ?”

So he took a bit shop, and sell't ging'bread and snaps,
Spunks, treacle, and brimstane, and laif-bread and
baps,

But a' wadna do—at his wares nane wad look—

So a wide gaucy shop in the main street he took.

Ilk day, like a gin-horse, he eidently wrocht,
Makin' siller like slate-stanes, as a' body thocht,
Till ae day wi' a dunt that astonish'd the toun
The great Willie Sibbald the barrow laid down.

O' his freens and acquaintance a meeting was ca'd,
And a lang face sly Willie put on to the squad.
“My gude worthy freens,” he then said wi' a grane,
“I have naething to show you—for books I keep
nane ;

My father ne'er learned me to write my ain name,
And my master, I'm sure, I maun say't to his
shame,

Ne'er made up the defect, sirs, but keepit me ticht
'Tween the trams o' a barrow frae morning till
nicht.”

The freens then on Willie began to look queer,
And ane that sat next him then said wi' a sneer,
“Maun, Will, I'm dumfouert—ye wrocht ear' and
late,”

Something gude might be surely brocht frae your estate,

“Estate, man,” quo’ Willie, “I’se tell ye, my freen,
Ilk maik through my fingers has noo slippit clean—
And for an estate, I can solemnly swear,
If I had had that, faith I wadna been here.”

“’Mang Willie’s rare talents—and these were not
few—

By virtue of which mankind’s noses he drew,
He could sing like a mavis—and ane o’ his freens,
Wha to Willie’s gude fortune had furnish’d the means,
On his creditors’ list he just stood at the tap,
So he looks in Wull’s face, and, says he—“My auld
chap,

The best way I ken ye’ll get out o’ this fang,
Instead o’ our siller, just gie’s a bit sang.”

THE DIVIDEND.

ALACK ! what will come o' me noo,
I ha'e been stricken sair,
I never drank like ither men,
Nor fed on costlly fare ;
I wrocht aye till 'twas late at e'en,
Raise wi' the morning dawn,
And yet, ye see the barrow trams
Ha'e drappit frae my haun'.
Ye've socht a wee bit sang frae me,
But brawly ye may see,
I'm no, whatever some may think,
In ony singing key.
But your promise o' a free discharge,
I trust ye winna shift,
For 'twerena wi' the hope o' that
My lip I couldna lift.

I wonner what gart folk suppose
That I could siller mak',
They ne'er saw ony signs o't
On my belly or my back ;
My waistcoat aye was o' the plush,
My coat o' coarsest drab,
I keepit nae establishment,
Nae servants, horse, nor cab.

Ye talk o' pitting me in jail,
But trouth ye needna fash,
Ye'll only lose your temper—
And what's waur—ye'll lose your cash.
For neither house nor ha' ha'e I,
Nor grun', nor guid, nor gear,
Or, as I said before to ye,
Ye wadna see me here.

I thocht when auld I wud have had
A guid rough bane to pike,
And nocht to do but streek me
On the lea side o' the dyke.

But I ha'e disappointed been,
My boat has gane to staves,
And left me bare and helpless
To the mercy o' the waves.

PUSH ROUN' THE BICKER.

YE wha the carking cares of life
Have aft times caused to claw our haffit,
Leave for a while the bustling strife,
And worldly men and matters laugh at.
Let fools debate 'bout kirk and state,
Their short-liv'd day let patriots flicker—
Let OUTS an' INS kick ither's shins,
Ne'er mind my boys—push roun' the bicker.

A' things that glitter are not gowd,
Then push the stoup roun'—lads be hearty ;
Wha e'er had Fortune at his nod
Like that bauld birkie—Bonaparte?

He humbled kings, thae costly things,
Wha thocht they on their stools sat sicker,
But his crown at last to the yirth was cast,
And the vision past—push roun' the bicker.

And wha could cope wi' Philip's son,
The greatest hero that we read o',
How did he hound his armies on
To conquer worlds he had nae need o' ?
His beast he rode in thundering speed,
And aye his pace grew quick and quicker,
Till down he sat, poor fool ! and grat,
His pipe was out—push roun' the bicker.

Then let us drive dull care adrift,
Life's day is short, even at the langest ;
“ The race is no aye to the swift,
Nor is the battle to the strongest.”
'Bout Kirk and State let fools debate,
Their short-liv'd day let statesmen flicker—
Let OUTS and INS kick other's shins,
Ne'er fash your beards—push roun' the bicker.

THE WIDOW'S EXCUSE.

AIR—“ *O saw ye the lass wi' the bonnie blue een ?* ”

“ O LEEZIE M'CUTCHEON, I canna but say,
Your grief hasna lasted a year and a day,
The crape aff your bonnet already ye've ta'en,
Nae wonner that men ca' us fickle and fain ;
Ye sicht and ye sabbit that nicht Johnnie dee't,
I thocht my ain heart wad ha'e broken to see't,
But noo ye're as canty and brisk as a bee—
Oh ! the frailty o' women I wonner to see—
The frailty o' women I wonner to see,
The frailty o' women I wonner to see—
Ye kiss'd his cauld gab wi' the tear in your e'e—
Oh ! the frailty o' women I wonner to see.

“ When Johnnie was living, oh little he wist
That the sound o’ the mools as they fell on his kist,
While yet like a knell ringing loud in your lug,
By another man’s side ye’d be sleeping sae snug ;
O Leezie ! my lady, ye’ve surely been fain,
For an unco-like man to your arms ye have ta’en ;
John M’Cutcheon was buirdly, but this ane, I trow,
The e’e o’ your needle ye might draw him through—

O’ the e’e o’ your needle ye might draw him
through.

His nose, it is shirpit, his lip, it is blue—
O Leezie ! ye’ve surely to wail on had few,
Ye’ve looted and lifted but little, I trow.”

“ Now, Janet, wi’ jibing and jeering ha’e dune,
Though it’s true that another now fills Johnnie’s shoon,
He was lang in sair trouble, and Robin, ye ken,
Was a handy bit bodie, and lived butt and ben.
He was unco obliging, and cam’ at my wag,
When wi’ grief and fatigue I was liken to fag ;
’Deed, John couldna want him—for aften I’ve seen
His e’e glisten wi’ gladness when Robin cam’ in ;

Then how can ye wonner I gi'ed him my haun'—

Oh! how can ye wonner I gi'ed him my haun'?

When I needed his help he was aye at comman',

Then how can ye wonner I gi'ed him my haun'?

“ At length when John dee't, and was laid in the clay,

My haun' it was bare, and my heart it was wae;

I hadna a steek that was black to put on,

For wark I had plenty in guiding o' John.

Now Robin was thrifty, and ought that he wan,

He took care o't, and aye had twa notes at comman',

And he lent me as muckle as coft a black gown;

Then how can ye wonner he's wearing John's shoon—

Then how can ye wonner his wearing John's
shoon?

My heart-strings in sorrow were a' out o' tune,

A man that has worth, and twa notes at comman',

Can sune get a woman to tak' him in haun'."

THE WIDOW'S WONDERS.

“ O LEEZIE ! but I’m wae for you,
Nae wonner that ye mane,
Whaur will ye fin’ the like o’ him,
That noo is dead and gane ?
The picture o’ guid nature,
Aye sae hearty an’ sae kin’,
Nae wonder whan ye think on him
Your wits ye’re like to tine.”

“ O Janet, Janet, say nae mair
About him, honest man !
I canna weel forget him,
Though I do the best I can ;
He was a kin’, kin’ man to me,
And when I see the wreck
O’ a’ my peace and happiness,
My heart is like to break.

“ I was an orphan lassie left,
And hadna mony freens,
And Janet, lass, I mind it weel,
When I was in my teens,
I didna think without a man
That I my life would dree,
But aft I wonner’t to mysel’
Wha’s lassie I nicht be.

“ At Lanrick fair I met wi’ Pate,
And few were like him then,
He had an unco takin’ way—
He was the waul o’ men ;
And on that day when he and I
Did hauns thegither join,
I wonnert if there was on yirth
A happier lot than mine.

“ But wark grew scarce, and markets dear,
And trouble on us cam’,
And Pate turn’d ill the verra day
That I lay in o’ Tam ;

I guided Pate, and mony a nicht,
As by his bed I sat,
I wonner't hoo we could come through,
An' burstit out and grat.

“Tam wither't like a sickly flower
That frae its stalk does fa';
And in a twalmonth after that
Puir Pate was ta'en awa';
And as I laid him in his kist,
And clos'd his glazed e'e,
I wonner't if the yirth contain'd
A lanelier thing than me.

“Now I'm a waefu' widow left,
A' nicht I sich and grane,
And aften in my musing moods,
When sitting here my lane,
There's ae thing I'll confess to you
'Bout whilk I'm sair perplex't—
I aften wonner, Janet, now,
Wha's lassie I'll be next.”

JOSEPH TUCK.

I'M Joseph Tuck, the tailor's son,

A poor but honest blade, sirs,

And for this five-and-twenty years,

A roving life I've led, sirs ;

But as I mean to settle here,

I'll tell you what my trade is,—

I'm barber, blacksmith, parish clerk,

Man-midwife to the ladies.

Bow, wow, wow, ri tum te edi.

I learn the bloods the way to box,

I show them how to fence, sirs ;

I teach the girls the way to coax,

And also how to dance, sirs.

I'm skill'd in every Highland Reel,

Strathspey, and Irish Jig, sirs,—

And I can shave a parson's beard,

And curl a lady's wig, sirs.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

My shop is stock'd with London toys,

Guns, wooden swords, and dolls, sirs—

Red herrings, treacle, blacking balls,

Sweet gingerbread and coals, sirs.

I sell all sorts of ladies' ware,—

Rings, parasols, and muffs, sirs,

I also deal in sausages,

And other garden stuffs, sirs.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

I keep all kinds of liquors, too,

Rum, brandy, ale, and porter,—

I light the lamps the whole year through,

Or take them by the quarter.

I dress all kinds of leather, too,

And linens fine or coarse, sirs,—
I keep a school for singing psalms,
And tools for shoeing horse, sirs.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

All kinds of sweetmeats, too, I sell,
Soap, sugar, salt, and spice, sirs,—
Potatoes, spunks, and periwigs,
And traps for catching mice, sirs,—
Ching's patent lozenges I sell,
And Godfrey's cordial roots, sirs,—
I also both can make and mend
All kinds of shoes and boots, sirs.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

I also have on hand for sale
All sorts of weaving ware, sirs,—
Wheelbarrows, picks, and poukin-pins,
And cheeses made in Ayr, sirs,—
All kinds of cobblers' tools I keep,
Umbrellas, brogues, and awls, sirs,—

Flay'd pigeons, speldings, bacon hams,

And imitation shawls, sirs.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Thus I have given you in full

A statement of my ware, sirs,

My rings and ruffs—my dolls and muffs—

My leather and my hair, sirs,

But not to wear your patience out,

I here will make a stop, sirs,

And only hope you'll take the hint,

And purchase at my shop, sirs.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

JEAN MUNRO.

O! HA'E ye seen the lilly fair
 Wak'd by the morning beam,
Bending its head sae modestly
 Aboon the bickering stream?
O, ha'e ye seen the e'ening star
 At gloaming brightly glow—
Then ha'e ye seen the fairy form
 O' bonnie Jean Munro.

Her cheek is like the mellow fruit
 Just drapping frae the tree,
And there's a silent witchery
 In the twinkle o' her e'e ;

And frae her brent and polish'd brow
The glossy ringlets flow,
That clustering shade the snaw-white breast
O' bonnie Jean Munro.

Care hath his furrows deeply set
Upon my alter'd cheek,
And wintry Time blawn o'er my head
His blasts, baith cauld and bleak.
But could I to my cheek restore
Youth's gladsome ruddy glow,
Blithe would I be life's path to tread
Wi' bonnie Jean Munro.

SONG.

AIR—" *Dainty Davie.*"

Now, Mary, ye are mine at last,
The Kirk has tied us hard and fast ;
We've nailed our colours to the mast,
And there we trust they'll wave aye.
We'll ha'e our troubles, it is true,
But aye we hope to waddle through,
And should a cloud come o'er your brow,
I'll sing you Daintie Davie.

Some folk, when married, idly dream
That life's a smoothly flowing stream,
Aye sparkling in the sunny beam,
Unruffled by a wave aye.

But weel we ken clouds aft will lower,
Yet whether in sunshine or in shower
We'll mix the sweet up wi' the sour,
And aye sing Daintie Davie.

Some men and wives, when they cast out,
Insist on having word about,
And while they ane anither clout,
Like bedlamites they rave aye ;
But I'll a better plan propose,
Whene'er your wifie warm on't grows,
Ne'er try the torrent to oppose,
But sing her Daintie Davie.

Now I'll advise ye ane an' a',
When worldly cares your tempers thraw,
When bills come roun', or beagles ca',
Or flattering friends deceive ye,
Ne'er blame the stars that blink aboon,
Ne'er think yoursel's to hang or droun,
But tak' your drap, and quietly croon
The auld spring—Daintie Davie.

THE BEWITCHING SMILE.

SAE bewitching was her sweet smile,

Her e'en sae bonnie blue,

Which looked on me so softly,

They did my heart subdue.

To me they're ever charming,

To me they'll aye be dear ;

But they never look sae lovely,

As when moisten'd with a tear.

But though her form be faultless,

And though her face be fair,

They cannot with her mind

Or her faithful heart compare.

The *casket* may be gorgeous,
And may glitter like the gold ;
But we value it more highly,
For the jewel it doth hold.

Awa', ye flauntin' fause queans,
Sae gaudy and sae gay ;
I couldna, couldna lo'e ye,
By either nicht or day.
Gi'e me my modest lassie,
Wi' the love-blink in her e'e,
An' my fireside clean and cozie—
'Tis all the world to me.

A BACHELOR'S SONG.

AIR—" *Young May Moon.*"

OF a bachelor's life I am weary, Love,
And I fain wad mak' thee my dearie, Love,
Then, O dinna say
That cruel word—Nay,—
For I am baith lanely and eerie, Love.

O, what is a Bachelor's heart, my Love,
At the name o't nae wunner ye start, my Love ;
'Tis a thing without heat,
Which to love never beat,
And in Venus' wars ne'er got a scart, my Love.

He may talk o' his freedom wi' pride, my Love,
And a married man's joys may deride, my Love,
But, to prove he's a gouk
Ye have only to leuk
At his naked and cheerless fireside, my Love.

Nae sweet smiling wife ye'll see there, my Love,

Nae weans on the back o' his chair, my Love,

Or a' flicht'rin' wi' glee,

Climbing up on his knee,

An' rugging his haffets or hair, my Love.

Then O! let me make thee my dearie, Love,

For of this dull life I am weary, Love,

O dinna say—Nay,

For I sich a' the day,

And at nicht I am lanely and eerie, Love.

THE QUESTION.

ANNIE, my love, my life, my light !

What made my bosom thrill
With feelings of such sincere delight
When first I saw thee smile ?
What made thy voice sweet music seem
To my enraptur'd ear—
What made it from my mind dispel
All darkness, doubt, and fear ?

Friendship may doubtless fill the breast
With feelings warm and deep,
May make us rejoice with them that joy,
And weep with them that weep :.
But friendship never could warm my heart,
Nor so my feelings move ;
It, therefore, Annie, must have been more—
It could be nought but love.

To pass my arm round thy slender waist,
To look in thy bright black eye,
To play with thy raven locks, and kiss
Thy lips with ecstasy,
And on thy pure and gentle breast
My head in rapture lay—
For such an hour of earthly bliss
Monarchs might nightly pray.

O, WHAT'S LIFE WANTING THEE?

O, WHAT'S life wanting thee, Love?

A straw upon the stream—

A dark, a doubtful, dreary way—

A fitful, feverish dream—

A waste where no green flowery glade

Is found for shelter or for shade.

When o'er life's dark and thorny way

The clouds of sorrow lower,

Thy sweet, thy soothing friendly voice,

Hushes the tempest's roar,

And like the rays of morning light,

Scatters the gloomy shades of night.

And on the heart that's left, Love,
In solitude to mourn,
Thy words of kindly comfort fa'
Like dew-drops on the thorn,
And soon its rugged stems are seen,
Laden with flowers and foliage green.

The miser who with care, Love,
Hoards up his glittering store,
And with rapture glist'ning in his eye
Doth count it o'er and o'er—
From such a task the wretch 'twould wile,
Would he but turn and see thee smile.

Let crowns and mitres grace the brows
Of bishops and of kings,
Let stars and garters garnish those
Who love such trifling things.
Give me but her whom I adore,
Grant this, kind Heaven—I ask no more

THE GLENFIELD LASSES O!

O SWEET to me 's Gleniffer braes,

Where the bright stream wildly rushes O,
And through the dark green valley plays,
Where live the Glenfield lasses O.

Green grow the rashes O, &c.

The gaudy scenes where courtly queens

Appear wi' air sae saucy 'O,
Let ithers praise—gi'e me the braes
Wi' a blooming, Glenfield lassie O.

Your maids of rank, sae sma' o' shank,

And forms sae thin and glassie O,
Wi' a' their charms, don't fill the arms
Like a sonsie bleacher lassie O.

Sic canty, coaxing wives they mak',

Sae kind are their caresses O,

He's a surly tyke, wha wadna like

The bonny Glenfield lasses O.

Sae blythe are they when we are gay,

Sae griev'd when care harasses O,

Come woe, come weal, still true as steel

Are the bonny Glenfield lasses O.

Ye wanters a', baith great and sma',

Nae longer stray like asses O,

But waul your wives, and mend your lives,

'Mang the bonnie Glenfield lasses O.

How bless'd my lot had I a cot,

Though theikit but wi' rashes O,

And its snug fire-en' to share wi' ane

O' the bonnie Glenfield lasses O.

Then bring again the tappit hen,

And frae it fill your glasses O,

And drink wi' me wi' three times three,

The health o' the Glenfield lasses O—

The bonnie Glenfield lasses O,

The weel-faur'd Glenfield lasses O.

THE GIRL WE LOVE.

To the traveller, benighted and lone on the wild,

O sweet is the prospect of shelter and rest ;

And dear to the mother's fond heart is her child

When she feels his sweet breath glowing warm on her
breast.

To the prisoner relieved from dungeon deep,

'Tis sweet o'er the heather-clad hills to rove ;

But the spirit with livelier bound doth leap,

To meet in the gloamin' the girl we love.

To wander at e'en through the meadows so green,
With raptur'd emotion my bosom has beat ;
But what gave enchantment and life to the scene ?
What made it so lovely, fair, and sweet ?
'Twas that Jessie was there, with her mild, witching
 smile,
And the life-giving glance of her dark hazel eye ;
'Twas *this* tun'd to music the murm'ring rill,
And brightened each star that gemm'd the sky.

THE WEST COUNTRY LASS.

AIR—" *Bundle and go.*"

A WEE bittie west liv'd a bonnie lass lately,
Whose charms brought about her the hale kintra-side ;
I gaed 'mang the lave, and she lookit sae sweetly,
My heart couldna rest till I made her my bride ;

She was baith young and bonny, and joes she had
mony,

Who begg'd that wi' them she her lot in would
throw,

They spak' o' their cash and their credit, but Jenny
Provokingly tauld them—to “bundle and go”—

Bundle and go, bundle and go,

Provokingly tauld them to “bundle and go.”

A farmer came round, and beseech'd the dear lassie

For pity nae langer to haud him in scorn ;

He bragg'd o' his gear and his graith, but, alas ! he,

Puir body ! had o'er mony nicks in his horn.

His joints they were stiff and his banes they were
crazy,

The bluid through his veins crap baith cauldly and
slow ;

Oh, quo' Jess, ye're nae match for a young supple
hizzie,

So tak' my advice, carle—“bundle and go”—

Bundle and go, &c.

A preacher came neist who was glib o' the gabbie,
And routh o' fine sentiment had at commaun' ;
On the raptures o' love he discours'd like a Rabbi,
And manfully proffer'd her marriage off haun'.
But she thought him too sweet to be wholesome or
steady,
His speeches had o'er meikle tinsel and show ;
So she pack'd off the priest, and declared she was
ready,
With me where I likit—to "bundle and go."
Bundle and go, &c.

And now, since in wedlock we're linked thegither,
We needna expect but with troubles to meet ;
In the yoke we maun try to assist ane anither,
And meekly through life take the sour wi' the sweet.
And by her dark eye which now sparkles so brightly,
Her lips' honied sweets and her cheeks' rosy glow,
She never shall rue the blest hour she sae sweetly
Consented wi' me—to "bundle and go."
Bundle and go, &c.

I LOVE THEE, MARY.

I LOVE thee, Mary! this fair earth
Would else to me a desert seem;
Thou liv'st in all my thoughts by day,
And when I sleep thou art my dream.
I love thee; though thy faith and truth
Thou wilt not, can'st not pledge to me;
And though thy heart may never feel
What mine so long has felt for thee!

I know 'tis folly thus to speak,
I know that thou must think me mad;
Oft have I wish'd the spoil to break,
But when I saw thee—reason fled.
Oh! blame me not. Whoe'er thy charms
With calm and throbless pulse can see,
An *angel's* name may proudly claim,
But *man*, frail man! he cannot be.

'TIS ALL BUT A DREAM.

'Tis all but a dream at the best,
And a dream that will soon be o'er,
Then let us enjoy what life we may,
For grief you will find 's a *bore*.
'Tis all but a dream.

The child around the rosy bush
Dances in Life's gay morn,
Nor dreams he beneath the dark green leaves
There lurks a prickly thorn.
'Tis all but a dream.

When manhood comes, by Ambition inspired,
His giddy head-piece turns,
She pricks him on—he wins a crown,
But he feels it a crown of thorns.
'Tis all but a dream.

By Passion tossed, by Misfortune crossed,
When ringeth his funeral knell,
If the truth was said, for what he was made,
'Twould puzzle a sage to tell.
'Tis all but a dream.

SONG.

Written on occasion of a Dinner given in honour of Mr.
FILLANS, Sculptor, on his leaving Paisley for London—
January, 1843.

AIR—" *A man's a man for a' that.*"

WHILE Greece an' Rome their sages boast,
Their sculptors rare, an' a' that,
Auld Scotlan', too, we humbly trust,
May claim her share, an' a' that,
An' a' that, an' a' that,
The hallow'd licht, an' a' that,
That lang illumined Greece an' Rome,
Blinks nearer hame than a' that.

Now Fillans heigh his crest may cock,

May crouselly crawl, an' a' that,

For, frae the shapeless, solid block,

He's hewn a name, an' a' that.

An' a' that, an' a' that,

His talents rare, an' a' that,

Ha'e proved that Scotlan's hills, though bleak,

Rich fruit may bear, for a' that.

Beneath obscurity's dark shroud

His youth was pass'd, an' a' that,

But, like the sun frae hint a cloud

He burst at last, for a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,

Now there he shines, for a' that,

The sculptor, painter, an' the bard—

A' three combined for o' that.

The "Venus de Medici," rich

In symmetry, an' a' that,

Ower a' the earth has been confess'd

To bear the gree, an' a' that.

An' a' that, an' a' that,
But Paisley lasses shaw that
An artist needna gang frae hame
For models braw, an' a' that.

Fain would I now our Chairman's brow
With laurels bind, an' a' that—
The man of literary fame,
Of taste refin'd, an' a' that.
An' a' that, an' a' that,
He frae the grave, an' a' that,
Of perish'd greatness, has brought forth
Gems rich an' rare, an' a' that.

Mid beauty's smiles, and knights the flower
Of chivalry, an' a' that,
The Tourney's gallant lord appears,
Arm'd *cap-a-pie*, an' a' that.
An' a' that, an' a' that,
The poor man's friend, an' a' that—
A title more ennobling far
Than Lord, or Duke, an' a' that.

Our gude Croupier, wha in in his sphere

Doth brichtly shine, an' a' that,

Whose manners tell that *grace* may well

With *law* combine, for a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,

The lawyer, judge, an' a' that,

His brow declares, yet written there's

The *gentleman*, for a' that.

Then let us now a bumper fill

To drink the health, an' a' that,

Of Fillans, honest, decent chiel,

Our worthy guest an' a' that.

An' a' that, an' a' that,

His talents prove, an' a' that,

The words of our immortal bard—

“ *A man's a man for a' that.* ”

SONG.

Written in honour of ROBERT WALLACE, Esq., late of Kelly,
on his receiving the Freedom of the Burgh of Paisley—
January, 1844.

AIR—" *Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled.*"

WALLACE ! Scotia's chief renown'd
Breathes there one on Scottish ground
Whose heart with rapture does not bound
When he hears thy name ?
Scotland ! birth-place of the free,
Wallace liv'd and died for thee,
And shall thy sons unmindful be
Of their hero's fame ?

Though now his voice is heard no more
Mingling in the battle's roar,
Though the arm so strong of yore
Nerveless now doth lie ;

Still, the spirit of his fame
Scotland's sons may boldly claim,
For in her the patriot's name
Will never, never die.

But though no more with deadly feud
Man meets man in battle rude,
Though no more mid fields of blood
The Patriot now appears,
Still if he his country saves,
Round him oft the tempest raves,
Yet mid the tumult of the waves
His bark he boldly steers.

And who among the patriot band,
That now adorn our native land,
Can warmer thanks than him command
Who is our GUEST to-day?
To him our gratitude is due,
For he is found among the few
Who, what they pledge themselves to do,
They do without delay.

He hurls Corruption from her seat,
Drags Bribery from her dark retreat,
And Error underneath his feet

He lays triumphantly.

The ribald jest, the silent sneer,
The loud reproach, he does not fear,
Nor will, we know, till his career,

Is clos'd in victory.

His postage rates, sae very sma',
Have been a blessing to us a',
His highly prized "Reform of Law"

Will loud his praise proclaim.

And now it is our prayer sincere
That he may long his laurels wear,
And long survive with grace to bear

An honest Statesman's name.

THE MINER'S SONG.

Written for the Concert, Soirée, and Ball, of the Garnkirk
Works' Friendly Society—April, 1845.

SARF'S ! I can scarce believe my e'en—

It's wonderfu', I'm sure, man,

To see sae mony decent folk

I' the middle o' a muir, man.

Wha wad ha'e dreamed o' sic a change,

Say twenty years sin'syne, man,

When a' this clay fast sleeping lay

Within the silent mine, man.

Ah ! 'twas a damp and dreary place,

As ony ane could see, man ;

For miles a' roun' there little was

To please the ear or e'e, man,

Till Sprott's and Murray's genius did
Its hidden stores unfold, man,
And with the wonder-working wand
Turned all they touched to gold, man.

The cloud that on the earth descends
In copious fruitful showers, man,
At first a little speck appears
When in the sky it lowers, man ;
The acorn, though but now a *seed*,
Soon towers a stately tree, man ;
Sae we frae sma' beginnings ha'e
Just come to what ye see, man.

Let farmers lauch whene'er they see
A stalk start frae a hole, man,
And joking say, good humour'dly,
“ It's Murray seeking coal, man ”—
E'en let them lauch, the goodly firm
Continues still to thrive, man,
And Murray kens, as weel as they,
How mony beans mak' five, man.

Ay ! licht has dawned o'er this dark waste,

And chased awa' the gloom, man,

And brightly now our warm hearths glow,

Our gardens gaily bloom, man.

Our wives, when we come hame at e'en,

Receive us wi' a smile, man ;

Our bairnies cluster round us too,

And a' our cares beguile, man.

And what has been the cause o' a'

This harmony at hame, man ?

What's made us maist wi' happiness

A near acquaintance claim, man ?

What has put braid claith on our backs.

And raised us in our station ?

It's neither mair nor less than this—

We drink in moderation.

Though in the bowels o' the earth

We earn our daily bread, man,

By moulding thus the stubborn clay,

Our clay is clothed and fed, man.

What though the sun's refulgent rays

We see not when below, man,

We have, instead, the glorious *gas*,

And lamps upon our brow, man.

And yet, we trust, the light is not

Upon the *outside solely*,

Although our skulls have not as yet

Received their cargo fully.

What signifies, if wanting *mind*,

The beauty o' the skin, man ;

And what avails the light *without*,

If all is dark *within*, man ?

Then fill a bumper reaming fu',

And drain it to the dregs, man,

And wish them hale and weel who thus

Ha'e set us on our legs, man.

Lang, lang may they survive to see

The comforts they ha'e made, man ;

To cheer our happy humble homes,

In gratitude repaid, man.

SONG.

Composed for the Perthshire Annual Soirée, held in the
Trades' Hall, Glasgow—January, 1844.

AIR—" *Johnny Cope.*"

O HEY, my Muse, are ye wauken yet,
Your twa pawkie een ha'e ye opened yet?—
Rise up, my lass, for it doesna fit

To lie sae lang i' the mornin'.

O hey, my Muse! are ye wauken yet,
Your twa bricht een ha'e ye open'd yet?—
There's some chieles here wha fain wad get
A smack o' your lips this mornin'.

There's guid Clan Donochie, gen'rous chiel',
Wi' a heart in his bosom "saft as jeal,"
Yet he kens wha to lippen wi' his rags richt weel
By either nicht or mornin'.

Hey, Laurie, lad! are ye wauken yet?

Ho, Laurie, lad! are ye wauken yet?—

He'll be gleg o' the e'e, and licht o' the fit,

That can catch you asleep i' the mornin'.

There's kind Sir James, o' knights the wale,

Wha treads in the steps o' David Dale,

For nae puir wight near him need wail,

For want by nicht or mornin'.

Hey, Jamie, lad! when ye dee, ye'll get

To your memory gratefu' tribute yet,

For the orphan's cheek wi' a tear will be wet,

When ye slip awa' some mornin'.

Tillichewan, too, whose heart and saul

Are free alike frae guile or gall,

Wha a wife o' the richt sort weel can waul

By either nicht or mornin'.

Hey, Tillichewan! are ye waukin yet?

Ho, Tillichewan! are ye waukin yet?—

There's a customer sly wha has sworn to slip

Thro' your fingers, like an eel, this mornin'.

There's Jamie M'Nab, sworn fae to care,
Wi' a buik sae buirdly, gash, and fair—
His shadow nicht darken George's Square

By either nicht or mornin'.

Hey, Jamie, lad! are ye wauken yet?

Ho, Jamie, lad! are ye wauken yet?—

They're no far seen wha tak' you for a flat

By either nicht or mornin'.

There's Governor Brock, in his friendships warm,
Wha wad him attempt frae their side to charm,
As weel auld Ailsa Craig, sae firm,

Micht try to lift some mornin'.

Hey, Harry, lad! are ye wauken yet?

Ye're a clear-headed chiel', but bide ye yet,

There's a tide rinnin' in your Bank dead set,

Its *metal* to try some mornin'.

There's a man of eloquence, strong and deep,
Like the earthquake's voice when it wakes from sleep,
Or the cataract foaming o'er the steep

To the plains on a winter mornin'.

Hey, Michael, lad! are ye wauken yet?

Hey, Michael, lad! are ye wauken yet?—

There's a droll squad here wha fain wad get

A snatch o' your powers this mornin'.

Then fill us up a cup o' guid strong tea,

Far safer for the head than barley bree,

And let's drain them dry, with three times three

To the Perthshire girls this mornin'.

Then hey, my lads! for auld Perthshire yet—

Hurrah! for her weel-faur'd dochters yet—

May the wives a' be happy, and the maids a' get

Honest men for their mates some mornin'.

SONG.

Written for Sixth Anniversary of the Perthshire
Annual Soirée—February, 1845.

AIR—" *For a' that an' a' that.*"

THE sun may shine wi' cheering ray

On hill an' dale, an' a' that,

Or clouds obscure the face of day—

A man's a man for a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,

An' muckle mair than a' that,

Mid summer's bloom or winter's gloom,

A man's a man for a' that.

Adversity, in frowning wrath,

May scowl on man, an' a' that,

But while he treads in honour's path,

He's still a man for a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,
An' muckle mair than a' that,
The clouds may lower, the waves may roar,
A man's a man for a' that.

Our worthy Doctor in the Chair,
Of talents rare, an' a' that,
His like ye'll scarce fin' onywhere,
For fun, an' lair, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
An' muckle mair than a' that,
He science loves, an' plainly proves
A man's a man for a' that.

His rhetoric, like the earthquake's crash,
Is heard and felt, an' a' that,—
'Tis like the forked lightning's flash—
Quick, piercing, keen, an' a' that.
An' a' that, an' a' that,
And yet we ken, wi' a' that,
His wit, though bright as rosy light,
Ne'er hurt a frien', for a' that.

The sick he from their suffering frees,

He tends their couch, an' a' that,

And fell disease affrighted flees

At his approach, an' a' that.

An' a' that, an' a' that,

An' muckle mair than a' that,

To men' our banes, and ease our pains,

Oh, he's the man for a' that.

Auld Time will doubtless bleach his pow,

Unnerve his haun', an' a' that,

But still his heart will ever glow

With love to man, for a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,

An' muckle mair than a' that,

He to the last will still attest

A man's a man for a' that.

SONG.

Composed on occasion of the Dinner given by the Incorporation of Stationers, Glasgow, to the Hon. James Lumsden, Lord Provost of Glasgow—December, 1843.

AIR—“ *Fy, let us a' to the bridal.*”

O ! FY, let us a' to the dinner,
For worth an' wecht 'll be there,
Wi' lots o' leel, licht-hearted fallows,
And guid David Bryce in the chair ;
The pick and the pride o' the kintra,
A' made o' the best o' grain,
Assembled to honour our Provost,
Wha wearsna the swurd in vain.
Then fy, let us a' to the dinner,
We're sure to fa' in, when there,
Wi' a core o' leel, lichted fallows,
And guid David Bryce in the chair.

O! there ye'll see Bogle and Hastie,
And Rutherglen—lads o' steel—
A terror they are to ill-doers,
But a praise to a' wha do weel .
And there ye'll meet fam'd " Whistle-Binkie,"
Wi' Murray, Oatts, Blackie, and Keith,
Clark Aitchison, Smith, Reid, and Finlay,
A' true as the swurd to the sheath.

Our talented Provost—Gude bless him—
For worth on the roll he stands high—
But to sing o' the tithe o' his merits
Would mak' me baith rupit and dry.
He's aye in the ranks o' the foremost
For seeing our city made braw,
And if we would look to our int'rest,
He soon in " St. Stephen's" nicht craw.

When commerce on crutches gangs cripplin',
Or comes to a solemn dead stan',
An' brings sair distress on the kintra,
We're sure o' his helpin' han'.

The Royal Infirmary, too,
Of his goodness a monument stan's,
And will be remember'd while merit
'Mang men admiration comman's.

Another thing, too, I must mention—
Though last, it's not least, I'll avow't—
Whatever the chiel' tak's in han' wi',
He restsna until he gangs through't ;
But what is the cream o' his merit,
And proves 't to be sterling stuff,
Is, that he can quietly do guid,
Wi' but little palaver or puff.

The mountain stream foamin' in fury,
And brawlin' out-owre the steep linn,
May dazzle our een wi' its beauty,
And dirl our ears wi' its din ;
But mair usefu' far is the burnie,
Unseen in the valley below,
The green flowery meadows enrichin',
Through which it doth silently flow.

Then here's to the health o' James Lumsden,
And lang be his usefu' life spared
To them wha his fireside enliven,
And a' wha his friendship have shared.
Now with this broad statement I'll finish—
It's truth let them question wha can—
Whatever in life be his station,
'Tis merit alone makes the man.
Then fy, let us a' to the dinner,
We're sure to fa' in, whan there,
Wi' a core o' leel, licht-hearted fallows,
And guid David Bryce in the chair.

SONG.

Written on occasion of the Dinner given to Mr. ALEXANDER
RODGER, at Glasgow—January, 1843.

Wow! what a galaxy o' licht!

I'm maist dung blin', an' a' that,
I trow, sic constellations bricht
Ha'e ne'er been seen ava yet;

Ava yet, ava yet,

Ha'e ne'er been seen ava yet;
Auld Scotland still, o'er heath an' hill,
Her horn may loudly blaw yet.

Hail, RODGER, thou the Muses' pride,
Their favourite Bard, an' a' that,
Through ilka neuk o' Scotland wide
Thy praise is heard, an' a' that;

An' a' that, an' a' that,
We can attest, an' a' that ;
Though poortith lang may merit hide,
She shines at last for a' that.

There's BALLANTYNE, wi's "Wallet" stored
Wi' sketches rare, an' a' that,
And scenes o' humble life, apart
Frae fashion's glare, an' a' that ;
An' a' that, an' a' that,
They ha'e a charm for a' that,
That e'en the closest, cauldest heart,
Wi' life micht warm, an' a' that.

There's VEDDER, too, gash, gaucy chiel',
Wha's buirdly bulk, an' a' that,
Doth prove a man may write a sang,
An' no be starv'd for a' that ;
For a' that, an' a' that,
His breadth and length, an' a' that ;
And lang, lang, may his bow abide
In tone an' strength, an' a' that.

There's DAN M'NEE, great Raphael's son,
Nae vain, nae empty blaw that,
Whom Mirth hath marked for her own,
The Prince o' Wags, an' a' that ;
An' a' that, an' a' that,
His funny jokes, an' a' that,
They're a' richt keen, yet ne'er a ane
E'er hurt a frien' for a' that.

There's " WHISTLE-BINKIE," " LOGAN'S LAIRD,"
Kent braid and wide for a' that ;
The patron o' the humble Bard,
His guard, an' guide, an' a' that ;
An' a' that, an' a' that,
O's frien's the pride, an' a' that ;
But if his real worth ye'd test,
His ain fireside doth shaw that.

There's " LUCIUS VERUS," mourning o'er
Man's slavery, an' a' that ;
Yet hopes to see the day when he
Will be set free, an' a' that ;

An' a' that, an' a' that,
The time will come, for a' that,
When licht wi' purest ray will break
Bright through the gloom, for a' that.

Fain wad I tell, ere I ha'e dune,
Our CHAIRMAN's fame, an' a' that ;
But here I maun most frankly own,
My Muse is lame, an' a' that ;
An' a' that, an' a' that,
She hasna powers for a' that ;
Besides, 'twould be a needless task—
His works already shaw that.

Guid bless ye a'—this nicht has shown
The fearfu' gap, an' a' that,
Which hath sae lang divided men,
In filling up, an' a' that,
An' a' that, an' a' that,
We hope henceforth, wi' a' that,
That nae distinction will be known
'Mang men, but worth, an' a' that.

SONG.

Written for the Chryston Cattle Show Dinner—June, 1844.

AIR—" *Maggie Lauder.*"

O ! HA'E ye seen the Cattle Show
In Chryston held this day, man ?
It was a heart-enliv'ning sicht,
A wonderfu' display, man.
Our Southron neighbours bore the gree
For mony a day and year, man,
But Scotlan', we're richt proud to say,
The laurel now doth wear, man.

Our Lairds, langsyne, for Cattle Shows,
They didna care a fig, man ;
The greater feck o' them, Gude knows,
Could scarcely breed a pig, man.
But now the gentry, far and near,
Ha'e ta'en the thing in han', man,
And at our Cattle Shows ye'll see
The best in a' the lan', man.

It cheers the heart to see the flower

O' a' the kintra-side, man,

Promoting thus our rustic lore,

And taking honest pride, man,

In patronising meetings such

As we this day ha'e seen, man,

And thus inspiring every breast

With emulation keen, man.

And for a striking proof of this,

We've just to look aroun', man.

There's first our worthy President,

A chiel' wha's heart's richt soun', man,

Who the deserving poor man's path

Was never known to shun, man,

Yet doth not let his left hand know

What his right han' hath done, man.

Our gude Mark Sprott, ilk humble cot

A testimony bears, man,

To 's sterling worth, for mony a hearth

With genial warmth he cheers, man ;

Kind-heartedness, and love to man,
Beam in his honest face, man—
In short, *the gentleman* we can
In every feature trace, man.

There's Bauldy Campbell, rattlin' rogue,
A richt gude hearty cock, man,
Wha likes his crony and his sang,
His wee drap, and his joke, man ;
A rattlin' cock, and happy he
Would be, richt weel we ken, man,
To see some wee chicks 'neath the wing
O' his beloved hen, man.

And whaur will ye sic farmers find,
Seek Scotlan' through and through, man,
As here ye see ?—intelligence
Is stamp'd on every brow, man.
Then fill a flowing cup while I
This double toast propose, man—
“ Our wives and sweethearts—and success
To Chryston's Cattle Show, man.”

STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON PERUSAL OF MISS AIRD'S POEMS,
RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

WHEN Coila mourned her fav'rite Bard,

And wept upon his dust,

I sadly thought her harp was hung

Upon the wall to rust.

And when its "wood notes wild" had ceas'd

To ring o'er hill and plain,

I did not think the thrilling sounds

Would e'er be heard again.

Such were my fears, when suddenly,

In notes deep-ton'd and clear,

Strains sweet as ever seraph sung,

Broke on my raptur'd ear :

Aird's angel harp o'er hill and dale

Sounds as 'twas wont of old,

When the lyre was struck by the master-hand

That's nerveless now and cold.

THE RHYMER'S LAMENT.

SWEET was the peace I once enjoyed,

No cares, no griefs I knew,

And o'er my head the winged hours

On golden pinions flew.

Peace hovered o'er my pillow,

And presided at my board,

And on my path shone gloriously

The candle of the Lord.

With lightsome care, unfettered thoughts,

I passed the joyous day,

And on a calm and dreamless couch

I slept the night away.

But now, alas ! in bitterness

The day drags slowly by,

And many a night I never close

My weary, watchful eye.

Auld Time has flown across my head,

With swift, though silent wing,

And *Harvest* sternly asks of me,

What I have done in *Spring*.

And Conscience hints, 'tis written,

“ For the fool's back there's a whip,”

And “ whatsoe'er a man doth sow,

That shall he also reap.”

While others have been busy bustling

After wealth and fame,

Have wisely added house to house,

And Bailie to their name,

I, like a thoughtless prodigal,

Have wasted precious time,

And followed lying vanities,

To string them up in rhyme.

This thing I foolishly have done,

And sorely I repent

That I set out so soon in life,

Upon so wrong a scent.

O that I had more prudent been,
For now, on ruin's brink,
The cup my hands have mingled,
I in bitterness must drink.

The past I oft look back upon
With bitter sighs and tears ;
The future I look forward to
With sad foreboding fears.
My friends are dropping thick around,
Old age creeps on apace,
And want, his worst attendant,
Stares me sternly in the face.

The tree, that late the woodland graced,
So stately, green, and fair,
Nipt by the chilling hand of time,
Stands withered now and bare.
So I beneath Hope's fostering beam
In Joy's fair garden grew,
Till Disappointment's rude blast came,
And laid my branches low.

NOTES.

No. I.

CLIPPINGS AND PARINGS.

SOME time ago the foible, or, if you will, the vice of gluttony, prevailed very much in this place, and with a view to check it, at least, a certain wag of the first-water, invited a few of his friends to dinner. On the day appointed, the good company assembled, and were ushered into a room, where a dinner, consisting wholly of covered dishes, lay on the table, &c. A President was appointed, who, after having implored a blessing on the good things prepared for them, sat down and cut up the crust of a *pye*, when, to his utter astonishment, instead of seeing "savoury meat, such as a guzzler loveth, he drew out an old musty sailor's hammock."

It would require the pencil of a Hogarth to depict the mingled expressions of disappointment and rage which now appeared in every countenance. The rest of the dishes were examined, and were found to contain "Clippings and Parings," and rubbish of every description. In order, therefore, to commemorate this most splendid act of waggery, the world at large, and the good people of Paisley in particular, were presented with the Poem.

No. II.

THE BATTLE OF THE BARONS.

About 100 years ago, the Baron Club was instituted in Paisley. It still exists. Each member holds his own particular barony, from which he derives his title. Some time since, the Club had a jollification in Mine Host's of the Saracen's Head, and, next day, a few of the members met to partake of a few drops, with a view to clear away the mists which last night's proceedings had gathered round their craniums. Having done so, a walk to Renfrew was proposed, where having arrived, and feeling themselves hungry, two of the company went into a butcher's shop, in order to purchase something savoury. One of the two

“ Being somewhat of a wag,
Took a sheep's head, pale and bloody,
With his bold hand from the nag,”

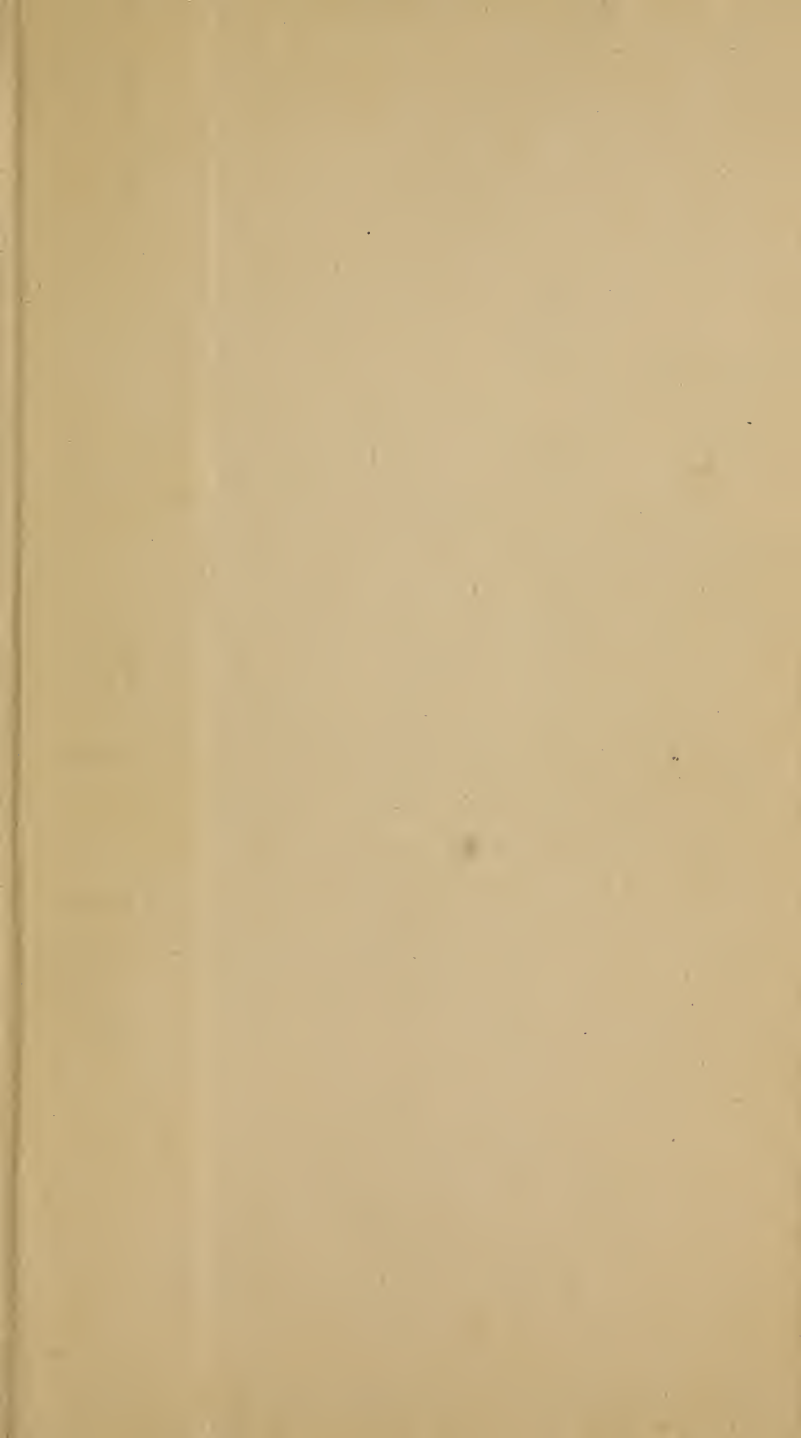
and hurled it on the heads of the Barons who stood on the street. This was thrown back—more heads were put in requisition, and the battle soon became general. It raged with increasing fury every moment, till at length, weary of the fight, the party paid the butcher handsomely, and adjourned to a tavern, to wash their wounds, and talk over their exploits. After having laid in a pretty “considerable decent”, quantity of mutton and strong toddy, they set their faces homewards, and being a “leetle” elevated, went on their way rejoicing.

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